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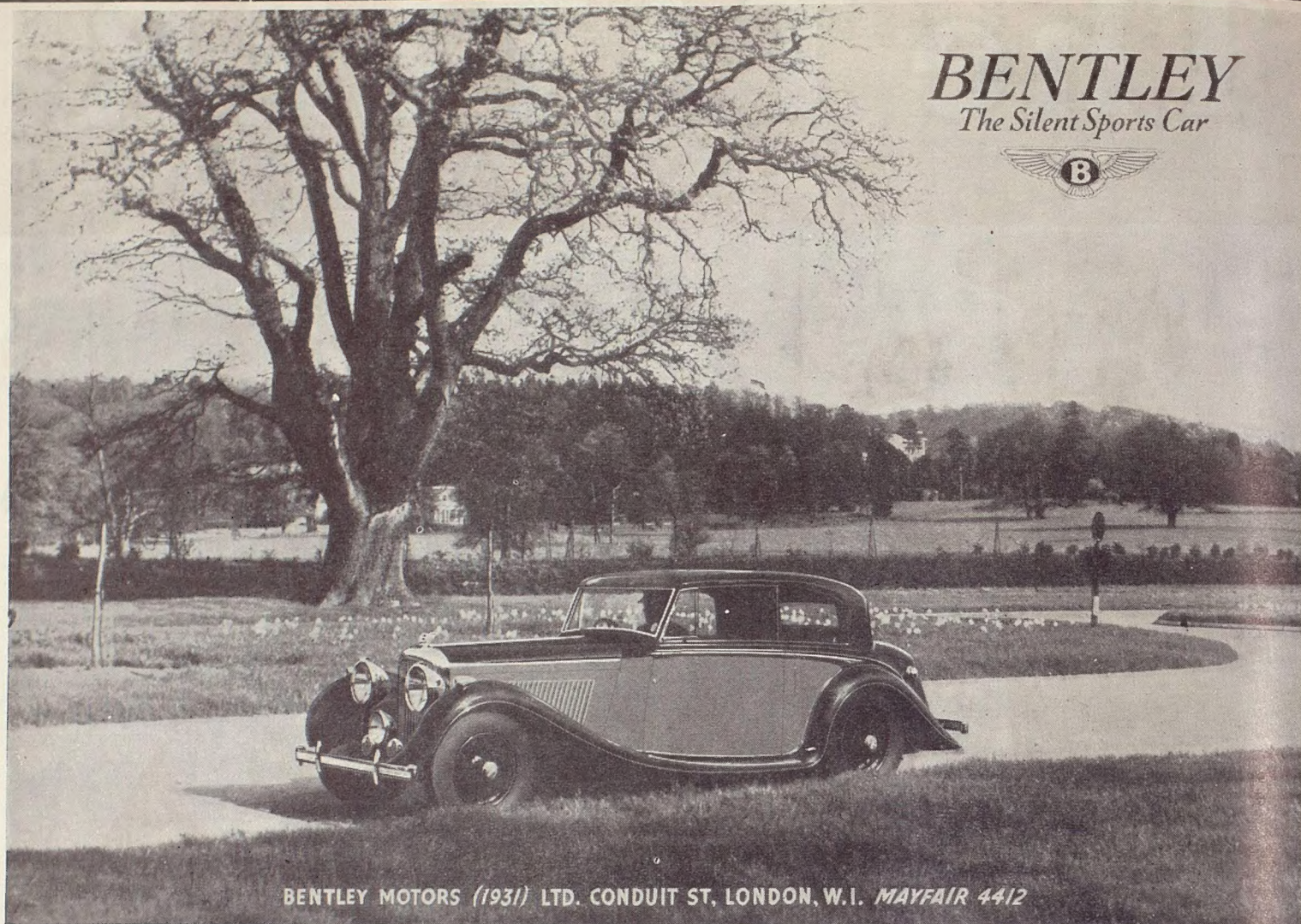
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LONDON
MARCH 12, 1941

and BYSTANDER

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Glynis Johns in a Bergner Role

Wearing these long, shining blonde plaits which make her look even younger than her seventeen years, Glynis Johns is playing the part for which Elisabeth Bergner was originally cast in *49th Parallel*—as the descendant of a community of Germans who migrated midway through last century to the free, open prairies of Canada to escape religious persecution in their own country. *49th Parallel*, the most important film now being made in this country, has Ministry of Information co-operation, and Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, Laurence Olivier among its players. So that director Michael Powell's choice of this young and little-known actress for a part which is important enough to have tempted Bergner is a big event for Miss Johns. She is an Alexander Korda "find," and played in two films for him, *South Riding* and *Prison Without Bars*. She is the daughter of that excellent Welsh actor, Mervyn Johns.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Active Colonel Donovan

THEY have been working overtime lately in the encyphering department of the American Embassy. One of the principal causes has been the return to Britain of Colonel William Donovan, peripatetic soldier-lawyer "reporter" for the Washington Service Departments. Between Christmas and March 3 Colonel Donovan had visited twenty-three countries in the Mediterranean and Near East, travelled 16,000 miles, talked to far more people, great and small, than even he could remember, and collected a quite formidable mass of documents.

The colonel likes to be well documented. That is where the legal training comes in. He has the knack of quick reading and grasping rapidly the essential points. He remembers those points, too, but has a passion for accuracy. Hence the load of papers carried home for him by the British staff colonel who accompanied him during much of his tour. On arrival back in London the final report had to be prepared and, as may be imagined, it was in every sense of the word a weighty document. This was immediately cabled to Washington.

Originally his was to have been a quick run round the Mediterranean and back for talks with Colonel Knox, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Cordell Hull and the President. Now, I gather, Washington feels that his usefulness on this side of the Atlantic is not yet exhausted. Being a free-lance, without mandate to commit his country on any score, but with a natural gift for acquiring information and a charming but outspoken facility for expressing personal views, Colonel Donovan is likely to be noted in the history of the present war as having played a role even more important than Colonel House played in the last.

A Shrewd Military Observer

A FIGHTING battalion commander of the last war with all three war medals for gallantry and distinguished service, "Bill" Donovan is a shrewd judge of a military situation. His estimates are invariably based on a close study of detail, especially in matters of organisation, supply and the like. Those qualities enabled him to predict confidently the swift victory of Italy over Abyssinia in 1935, when other better known prophets were insisting that the Emperor's ill-armed troops, fighting in their mountain fastnesses would prove more than a match for Mussolini's modern army.

In this close attention to detail Colonel Donovan found much in common with General Wavell, whose successes in the Libyan desert and in East Africa can be attributed very largely to this same painstaking study and meticulous preparation. In Greece, where Colonel Donovan toured the entire front line from end to end, he was immensely impressed by the morale of the army. He came away from there, I know, profoundly convinced that Britain would make a cardinal error if she failed to employ every possible means for helping and backing Greece to resist the new threat from Germany.

I do not know what precise views were held by Mr. Eden and Sir John Dill when they arrived in Cairo straight from England. But their conference at British G.H.Q. Middle East included some long talks with "Bill" Donovan, whom they already knew and respected, and nothing in his instructions from Washington would have debarred him from passing on the impressions he had formed in all the places he had visited—including troubled Iraq.

Failure of a Mission

BY now Mr. George Rendel, our Minister to Bulgaria, is probably on his way back from Sofia. He feels keenly, I know, that he has failed in a mission. Since he went to Bulgaria three years ago he has striven hard to swing the country out of the Axis orbit and to show King Boris that Britain and her Allies were bound to win in a war with Germany and Italy; would afterwards be mindful of Bulgaria's revisionist claims.

It must have been an uphill struggle, for the Chamberlain Government had persistently refused to consider the many urgent requests from the Balkans for economic collaboration on a scale which would enable them to resist the ever-increasing pressure of Dr. Schacht's diabolically clever and grossly dishonest policy. Indeed, when King Boris visited this country in the autumn of 1938 he had spoken most frankly of his country's difficulties and the inevitable results which would follow from British lack of interest.

King Boris, it is said, reminded Mr. Rendel of these facts in their final interview, adding that if Britain had given colonies to Germany a few years ago there would have been no war. In a last desperate effort to stave off the German invasion of his country the King is said to have asked Colonel Donovan whether the United States would not be prepared to mediate for a conclusion of the European war. If, as is probable, Colonel Donovan expressed his own opinion in reply, he almost certainly told King Boris bluntly that America, like Britain, sees no room for compromise or parley in the present struggle.

Enter Dr. Salazar

I EXPECT that before these notes appear news will have come from Madrid or Lisbon recording a meeting between General Franco, the Spanish Caudillo, and Dr. Salazar, the Head of the Portuguese Government. General Franco has for long paid heed to the advice of Dr. Salazar and on more than one occasion in the past prudent counsel from Lisbon has played an important part in steering Madrid away from perilous adventures.

Food has become a dominating factor in Spanish policy and, as is now widely recognised both in and out of Spain, only the British Empire and the United States are in a position to supply that desperate want. For



Polish C.-in-C. Capped at St. Andrews

General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief Polish Forces, has received the Honorary Degree of LL.D. from St. Andrews University. The Vice-Chancellor, Principal Sir James C. Irvine, performed the capping ceremony, touching the kneeling General on the head with the velvet cap which once belonged to John Knox



General's Daughter Watches the Ceremony

Mlle. Sofia Sikorski attended the ceremony at which her father received his degree. She is seen with a group of students from Scotland's oldest university. Mlle. Sikorski has been in Scotland for many months with the Polish troops, and wears the uniform of the Polish Red Cross, of which she is an officer

that matter food is equally an important problem for unoccupied France. And in any case it would hardly be wise policy to feed Spain while allowing France to approach starvation. Here, then, may be a channel into which the humanitarian aspirations of Mr. Hoover can be directed.

Meantime it is a regrettable fact, but undoubtedly true, that Señor Suñer, General Franco's brother-in-law, Foreign Minister and Falangist (Fascist) party leader is definitely prepared to see Spain starve, knowing that the resultant revolution will provide an excuse for occupation of the country by German armies. For this cold-blooded attitude there is a perfectly human explanation—if one accepts the frailties of the human. Hitler has promised Señor Suñer that when the New Disorder is imposed on all Europe he, Suñer, is to be made a super-gauleiter of areas extending far beyond Spain's present territories.

Dr. Salazar is fully informed on these matters and does not forget that the Falangist programme, based on an original Communist programme, provides for the absorption of Portugal in a pan-Iberian Peninsula. Already German penetration of the Portuguese police and other services of public order has gone to considerable lengths. He remains persuaded, none the less, that Britain, with American backing, is going to come out on top in the present trial of strength. Thus we may assume that Dr. Salazar gave important advice to General Franco along lines already expounded with notable success by Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Ambassador in Madrid.

Threat to North Africa

THESE are matters of more far-reaching importance than might appear at first glance. It begins to emerge clearly that Hitler's strategy aims at bringing the whole

of North and West Africa under his sway and there challenging the British Empire. To that end two things are necessary. The Vichy Government must be forced into active collaboration and the French African armies must be brought fully under German control.

M. Laval, because he is hated and mistrusted at Vichy, has been found an unsatisfactory

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though willing tool. German hopes are therefore centred on Admiral Darlan, whose powers are steadily increasing. Admiral Darlan is not "pro" anything in particular. He is "Darlanist." For the first time students of the French situation in Britain begin to fear that Germany will get that active military and naval collaboration from France for which Hitler has been angling ever since the victory of his armies over France last June.

Admiral Darlan, now the Pooh-Bah of Vichy, has by virtue of his many appointments executive authority over Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco, all ports in France and her Empire, the fleet and all forces of espionage and security. He is giving permission to very large numbers of German officers and technicians to enter the African territories. General Weygand may, or may not, approve of what is being done. But Admiral Darlan is quietly making him prisoner in the desert.

British hopes that General Weygand might one day raise the standard of resistance afresh in Africa now seem doomed to final disappointment. Our success or failure in Africa will rest on our own efforts supported by those of the Free French forces, whose exploits have already been considerable. Indeed, I am surprised that so little has been made of their capture of the Kufra oasis, where the Italians had years ago laid in great stocks of petrol in underground tanks as part of their plan to join Libya to their "East African Empire." The junction has now taken place, but under British, not Italian, control.

Cunninghams to the Fore

TO mark the perfect collaboration between land, sea and air in the Eastern Mediterranean, Grand Crosses of the Bath have been awarded to Sir Andrew Cunningham, Sir Archibald Wavell and Sir Arthur Longmore.

On the same day it was announced that Sir Andrew's brother, Lieutenant-General A. G. Cunningham, had been appointed military governor of Ethiopia and Somaliland. At first sight the appointment might have appeared somewhat premature in its sweeping implications. But the men on the spot know that Italian resistance, though it might be maintained for a time in the highlands of Ethiopia, is utterly broken.

Italy has no means whatever of reinforcing or supplying what remains of her forces in Ethiopia. If hurt is done to the Italians by the now infuriated native population the blame can be placed fairly and squarely in Rome. When Britain offered to facilitate the withdrawal of civilians from Abyssinia and the neighbouring states of "Italian East Africa" Rome replied haughtily that its army could not only defend the country but protect the civilian population also.

(Concluded on page 406)



American Observer

With his head and his luggage full of sixteen thousand miles' worth of European observations, Colonel W. J. Donovan arrived in this country a week ago for the third time in six months, and immediately prepared his cable report for President Roosevelt. Since his departure from London on Boxing Day he has visited Gibraltar, North Africa, Greece, Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Palestine, Irak, Egypt, Spain, Portugal. "Foresight" comments on Colonel Donovan's travels in his article



American Minister and American Ambassador

One of the first batch of working pictures of the new American Ambassador shows the thoughtful and patient-looking man with the piercing, dark-browed eyes whom Mr. Roosevelt has sent to represent his country over here, seated at his desk with his Counsellor and Acting Minister, Mr. Herschel Johnson, beside him. Mr. John G. Winant has said there is no place he would rather be at this time than in England, and it is certain that, when he becomes known to the public as he is already known to his many friends in England, we shall say that there is no man we would rather have with us than Mr. Winant. He first came here as a soldier in the last war, more recently his visits have been made as Assistant Director and Director of the I.L.O. Mr. Winant hopes that his wife will soon join him in England. He has two sons, and one daughter, just married to a young Peruvian scientist

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

To Like, or To Dislike?

My excellent and fair-minded colleague, Miss Lejeune, has been telling us that either you like or dislike Miss Katharine Hepburn just as you like or dislike Mr. Crosby, Mr. Cagney and the Marx Brothers. I feel that here is a half-truth to which I must devote half a page.

Let us begin with Mr. Crosby. Obviously you cannot like an artist who has reduced singing to the bayings of a love-sick bloodhound. But equally obviously you, being a craftsman in your own profession, cannot dislike a performer who, with an accuracy exceeding any physician's, has put his finger bang on the sentimental pulse of the uneducated world, roughly ninety-eight per cent of this globe's white population. From which it follows that, being a logical person, you must *half-like* Mr. Crosby.

Mr. Cagney? If you hold that gangsters must never have baby faces and are ordained by Nature to resemble rats with double squints—why then you won't "like" this fine actor because you will regard his gangster assumptions as radically false. But if, on entering the cinema, you bethink yourself of Shakespeare's "There's no art to tell the mind's construction in the face," you will, I suggest, pull yourself together with the reflection that liking is one thing and critical appreciation another.

The Marx Brothers? But in my view there is only one Marx Brother, and to have a grouch against Groucho is conceivable only on the theory that you are anti-Jewish. In which case, of course, you must have excessively disliked Sarah Bernhardt, and are beyond the pale. Or can it be that you have no ear for wit? Personally, after many years of steeling

myself against my likes and schooling myself against my dislikes, I find that I have arrived at a state where I eliminate the individual and am swayed only by the artist. Then you must be more than human, says the captious reader. I am. The critic who is human is a walking contemptibility. He has no right to his free seat and should be queueing up at the box office with the vulgar.

THESE, I freely admit, be niceties unperceived of the herd which, having parted with its greasy pence, holds itself at liberty to fall, or refrain from falling, for a film star's hair, dimples, waistline, or, if male, moustache, torso, biceps. The temptation in Katharine Hepburn's case has always been unusually strong. I well remember the shock, the delighted shock, I experienced at her first appearance. Here was a young woman possessed not of no looks to speak of, but of looks nobody would willingly speak about—a cheek-bone like a death's-head allied to a manner as sinister and aggressive as crossbones.

Then this new discovery began to act, and as the film (*Morning Glory*) wore on one began to perceive that the ungracious vesture was the clothing for undefeatable spirit. Here, one said to oneself, was the heroine of any Brontë novel, and the heaven—or perhaps one should say, hell-sent representative of the daemonic Emily herself. To have said that afternoon that one liked or disliked the new actress would have been foolish; one does not like or dislike the forces of Nature.

And then, after a moving performance as Jo in *Little Women* the angry fire and sullen flame died down, and Hepburn—for all women

are feminines in the last resort—took to vying with the Shearers, Wrays and other of filmdom's milk-white does.

THE milky way is traversed again in *Philadelphia Story* (Empire) in which Hepburn pretends to be the invincible ensnarer of the male, the entire sex being represented as powerless in her toils. We see her on horseback and off, out of bathing pools and in, drunk and sober, and alleged to be carrying off these vagaries with a charm and brilliance which would eclipse Shakespeare's Rosalind and Meredith's Clara Middleton put together. They sufficed to overthrow Cary Grant, but not before he had given her—why not this way round for a change?—a daughter precocious enough at the age of twelve to spy on her mother and priggish enough to blab.

And now, respectably divorced, she is about to wreck another man's career by marrying him when James Stewart, a socialite reporter, turns up and by his scowls, largely helped by his commonness, quite vanquishes her.

Whereby we get to the familiar situation of the detestable girl whom nobody will marry. And if the film ended here it would be admirable; justice would be executed upon yet another detestable hussy.

But now it turns out that we are supposed not to detest Hepburn but to find her enchanting to the point of ravishment. That the young woman's selfishness, arrogance, pertness and spiritual vulgarity are skin deep only, and that when you get to the true Hepburn bone you will find truth and loyalty and kindness and gentility. A combination of Imogen and Lorna Doone. And it appears that Cary Grant has known this all along, and that it was for knowing it that he was paid 50,000 dollars, or whatever he gets for wearing soft collars while every other man in the picture is decapitating himself with starch.

Well, I just don't believe any of it. Hepburn as Joan of Arc waving her oriflamme and charging the English, nostrils quivering to match her horse's—yes, there is the true Hepburn. I see her again as any of the unpleasant Aeschylean or Euripidean heroines, sword-struck and flame-consumed. But as a society pet enticing a hard-boiled reporter into a bathing pool and a midnight game of hide-and-seek among the nenuphars—the answer to this one is just plain no.

HOWEVER, there is this much to be said for this film, that it is witty and goes at a tremendous pace. So fast, indeed, that I could not follow all its multitudinous wise-cracking.

I sometimes wonder whether a new language may not be growing up of which old fogeys are insufficiently aware. I know that the other afternoon the theatre frequently rang with delighted laughter at sallies of which I was totally unable to perceive the drift.

I did, however, now and again catch something I could make head and tail of. As when the reporter said to the female of his kind: "Why do they have a telephone to the stables?" And receives the reply: "So that they can talk to the horses without bringing them into the house." I would have added a rider to this—something about for fear of corrupting them.

THE result of my cogitations? That I neither like nor dislike Miss Hepburn as the result of this film any more than I liked or disliked her before. I still think that in the right film she is a first-rate performer and that when she is unsuited she is like nothing on earth. At least like nothing that I can recognise as existing on this earth.

The World in Flames (Plaza) is a magnificent collection of newsreels during the past ten years. Everybody should see this.

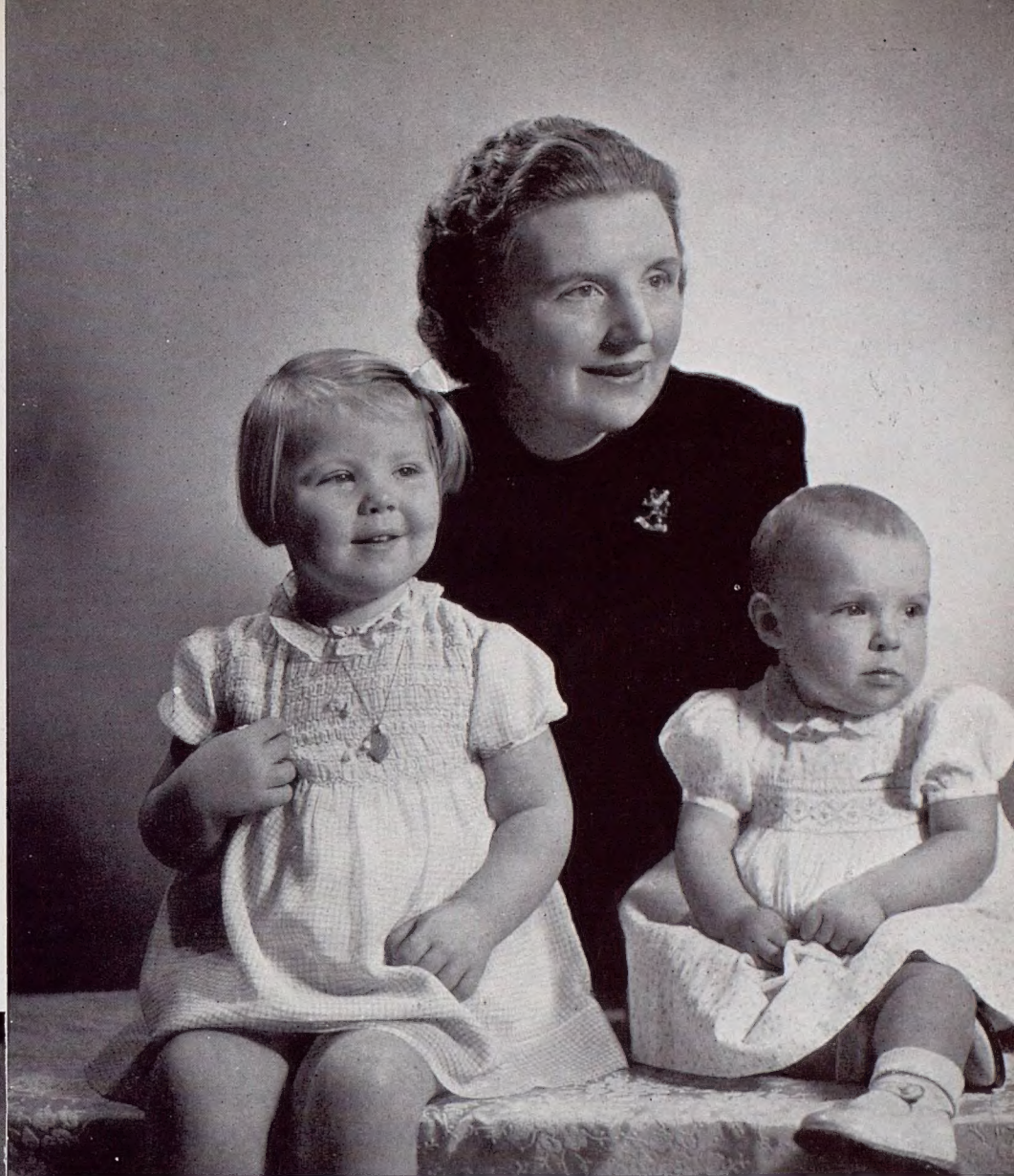


To illustrate Katharine Hepburn's "cheek-bone like a death's-head" (see Mr. Agate's article) and at the same time show her in "*The Philadelphia Story*" is not possible. The producer who chose the publicity stills was out to display her as a worthy rival in femininity of any routine screen heroine, and not as a possible Joan of Arc or Emily Brontë (see Mr. Agate again). So here she is with the two men, Cary Grant and James Stewart, with whom "*The Philadelphia Story*" is mainly concerned. It is directed by George Cukor, and is being shown at the Empire

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and Her Two Little Daughters

Princess Juliana and her children arrived safely in England from their Nazi-invaded country in May 1940, and shortly after proceeded to Canada at the invitation of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. Prince Bernhard accompanied his family to England and has remained in this country to take his place at the head of the Dutch Free Forces, and was made Liaison Officer between the Dutch and British Forces, his good knowledge of English making him eminently suitable for the post. He is a keen racing motorist and now training as a fighter pilot in the R.A.F.

Photographs by Karsh, Ottawa



This charming new portrait study of Princess Juliana, with Princess Beatrix, aged three, and the eighteen months old Princess Irene, was taken in hospitable Canada where they are now living simply and happily. They eagerly await, however, the day when their country may be freed from German occupation and they can return to their home



*(Left)
Princess Beatrix
and Princess Irene
were photographed
at play, obviously
wishing they were
much taller and
could reach the
unattainable. This
is their mother's
favourite picture
of her children*

*(Right)
Princess Irene
was caught un-
aware by the
camera, and sucks
her thumb wonder-
ing what is in
store for her*



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Nineteen Naughty One" (Prince of Wales)
MR. ALFRED ESDAILE, the active theatrical manager, who is responsible for *Strike Up the Music* at the London Coliseum, and who may be said to be to Mr. George Black what Mr. George Black is to Mr. Cochran, has now presented at the Prince of Wales's Theatre another revue, less spectacular, more intimate, written and produced by Mr. Ronald Frankau, and unblushingly entitled *The Nineteen Naughty One Revue*.

THIS title has the merit of being fairly representative of the show it designates: that is to say, if you like the title, you will probably like the revue, and if you don't like the title, you probably won't like the revue. Its promise certainly seems destined to be borne out when you examine your programme. For is it not fitting that in a revue entitled *Nineteen Naughty One* the opening number should be described as "The Company Fate-Crash"? and that the chorus girls in that company should be set down as "The 10 Blitz and Pieces"?

Which Ten Blitz and Pieces, assisted by the Four Dianas, demonstrate that that can be no less serious than sparkling, as when they deedly posture in such abstract numbers as "The Depth of My Heart," or when they expressionistically mutter in such gorbliney symbolic scenas as "The Crucifixion of Song." (If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants to raise more money, why not put a tax on the use of certain words?)

LET me not deny that I went to this revue in a pretty prejudiced frame of mind. Prejudiced, that is to say, in so far as I did

not expect to like it. And if you wish to know why, even had the title been a different title. I still would not have expected to like it, the answer is quite simple. I cannot remember that I have ever yet liked a revue put on by Mr. Esdaile. I cannot remember that I have ever yet liked a revue written and performed by Mr. Frankau. How, in such circumstances, could I possibly go with a perfectly open mind?

How, indeed, can any experienced dramatic critic go to any play written by an author and acted by actors with whose work he is already familiar without a heart either the lighter or the heavier for his previous knowledge? I know that when I go to the theatre I am always prejudiced in favour of Edith Evans, Maire O'Neill, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Nellie Wallace, Bobby Helpmann, Beatrice Lillie, Isabel Jeans—having continually derived delight from their work; I know that I am always prejudiced (or is this too strong a word, since I should be glad to change my opinion) against Alfred Esdaile, Ronald Frankau, Margaret Rawlings, Ivor Novello, Billy Bennett, the Marx Brothers, Leslie Howard, Walt Disney—having found that for one reason or another their work does not often appeal to me.

I cannot approach them each time, as it were, from scratch. However good they are, they will have a harder task with me than with their fans, since we all start with past impressions. And if any critic makes so bold as to assert that he goes to the theatre free from this bias of preconceptions, then I can only assert with equal boldness that he must know very little about or be willing to tell very little about himself. Let not such man be trusted.



"Nineteen Naughty One" ensemble: leading lady Renée Roberts, glamour girl Sylvia Sætre, producer Ronald Frankau, dancers Wally Stewart and Eda Peel, trick violinist George Harold



Bessie the Bus Conductress, by Bert Brownbill

AFTER which, where were we? Ah, yes, at the Prince of Wales's, where, by other conflicting laws of psychology, I may have been all the likelier to get a pleasant surprise, my expectations not running high. Did I? Well, yes, in a case or two.

There was Miss Eda Peel (ably partnered by Mr. Wally Stewart), who danced away with a sense of enjoyment that most refreshingly livened up old tap and ballroom bones. Pass marks for her, with commendation.

And even more was there Mr. George Harold, a clown of the first water who, appearing only once, plays the violin with all the pathos of the potty and in all the ways a violin can be played. Here is a true pierrot without (thank heaven!) the costume. A cream-faced loon blessed with a humanity that makes you laugh, a fool with sensitive eyes and animated with a mind as slow as it is keen to understand. The Cherkot of the violin. An invaluable interlude. The real star of the afternoon.

FOR the rest, I found myself too often dallying with my programme, scanning the advertisements, and even idling through the page of "Gloom Chasers" — Collected by Sydney Howard. Oh, Mr. Howard, what a very busy man you are! Strange, perhaps, that at a revue the management should reckon a page of "Gloom Chasers" advisable. But there may be something in it.



Husband hears his wife's lines in a sketch he wrote himself



Husband collapses; wife cares for him with tender solicitude

“The Ideal Couple”

Ronald Frankau and His Wife, Renée Roberts, Revue, Cabaret and Radio Stars

Ronald Frankau recently introduced his partner and himself, to the delight of his audience, as “the most ideal couple you know. Why, we even live together!” He and his wife, Renée Roberts, have played together in cabaret, on the air, and in revue, and are now appearing in the new, gay show, *Nineteen Naughty One*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Frankau, who is the brother of writer Gilbert Frankau, has written most of the lyrics and sketches for it, and also produced it, and has given his wife and leading lady some excellent burlesque numbers. Mr. Farjeon's review of *Nineteen Naughty One*, which opened ten days ago, is on the opposite page

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

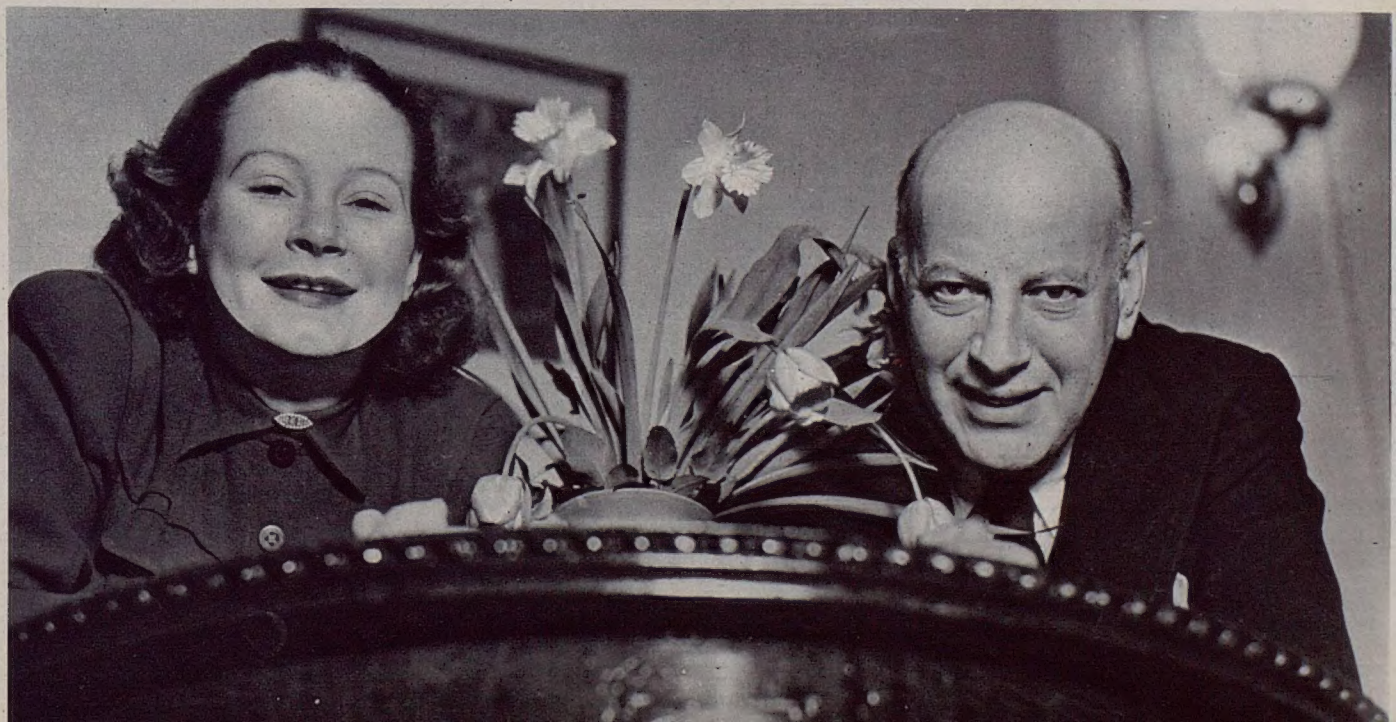


Husband makes peace-offering, using the drawing-room flowers as a token of his affection



Matrimonial masterpiece: husband and dutiful wife in perfect photographic pose

Renée Roberts and her husband, Ronald Frankau, have just completed their twelfth appearance, since war began, in the May Fair cabaret. Thirty-seven songs have been specially written by Mr. Frankau for these performances, including “Heil, Hitler! Yah, yah, yah! Oh, what a funny little man you are!” A more recent number is “Though he'd never been to any public school, he was really quite presentable, you know,” a song given piquancy by the fact that Mr. Frankau is himself an Old Etonian



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Rebuilding London

LAST week's Foyle's luncheon dealt with the problem of rebuilding London in a series of speeches, the trend of which depressingly foreshadowed the controversy there will be about it all.

Lord Reith spoke first, and after a disconcerting moment at the beginning, when the microphone answered back at him with one of those nasty moans only such things know how to make, got going, and with sweeping gestures and destructive grimaces, presented the advantages of carrying on demolition where the enemy leaves off, and beginning again with an entirely modern city, surrounded, at picturesque distances, by subordinate centres, instead of the sprawling continuity of town and suburb that now exists, belatedly threaded through by the Green Belt way out. Beauty, he told us, coining an idea, is in utility. It is a pity that people cannot be developed on cubic lines to inhabit the cubic system of the future; they will be striking a jarring note if they don't look out.

The Chairman of the London County Council made his speech intriguing by pretending that it was in the form of a telephone conversation to a destroyed Chinese city, offering advice thereon, and the Dean of St. Paul's was, of course, much upset by Lord Reith's proposals. He touched on the beauty of St. Paul's, now more easily seen on account of surrounding devastation.

Finally, Mr. Osbert Lancaster, cultured and witty, was as amusing as could be.

People There

THERE was the usual enormous crowd. An interesting member of it was Admiral Sir Edward Evans, who, as "Evans of the Broke," is unlikely ever to be forgotten. I believe he has more decorations than anyone else—he would certainly have to carry a spare coat over his arm to accommodate any more. He looks remarkably young, has a most delightful, unpompous friendliness, and Lady Evans is quite charming too.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn was sitting near them, very colourful, including green-rimmed spectacles. Miss Michal Hambourg, Mark Hambourg's pianist daughter, was there; Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, she of marbly beauty; Miss Dorothy Hyson, extremely petite in a halo hat—she has been touring lately—and hundreds more.

From Scotland

MRS. COWAN DOBSON, the attractive and unusual-looking wife of the painter, for whom she so often acts as model, is full of the gay goings-on in Edinburgh, where crowded night life takes place, chiefly in the Guise, the Aperitif and the Havana. Theatres, too, are in great swing, and have lately included Vic Oliver in *To-night at Seven* and the Hulberts in



Bertram Park

A London Wedding

Miss Eileen Wilkinson, only daughter of Sir George and Lady Wilkinson, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, was married at St. Michael's, Cornhill, to Captain John MacNaughton Sidey, Royal Tank Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sidey, of Collingwood House, Exeter. They were photographed at the Mansion House, where the reception was held, with the two bridesmaids, twin sisters of the bridegroom, Miss Janet Sidey (left) and Miss Diana Sidey

Under Your Hat. In November, Mrs. Dobson got up a very successful Bomber Squadron ball, and has since been organising cocktail tea-dances for the refugees. She and her husband have been there since October, first of all in lodgings, where they were given gingerbread and shortbread for every meal. So now they have their own home, and she has been learning to cook—to the extent of making queen cakes, which must be very tricky, and liking haggis, which must be even more touch and go.

Mr. Cowan Dobson is giving an exhibition of his work in aid of Red Cross funds—his latest paintings include portraits of Lord Moray, Lady Aberdeen, Lady Grant of Monymusk, and Mrs. R. Arbuthnot Leslie.

Country Weddings

THERE has been quite a spate of weddings in Ayrshire lately. Last month, Sir Charles MacAndrew was married to Miss Mona Mitchell. Sir Charles is M.P. for Bute and North Ayrshire. The bride wore an enchanting blue dress and hat, which exactly matched her eyes. Among the guests were Sir Charles's sister and brother-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Jim Thomson, who were the Joint-Masters of the Eglinton Hounds until the outbreak of war, and had done a tremendous lot to improve the management and breeding of the hounds; Mrs. Mackie Campbell and Mrs. Hope Collins, who both kept on their cosy fur boots in the church; and Lord Glasgow, who came alone. Lady Rowallan and Miss Nancy Rankin were together, both wearing smart hats with veils. After the reception at Perceton House, the bridal car was



A Country Wedding

The marriage of Lieut.-Colonel Kenneth Darling, Royal Fusiliers, to Miss Pamela Denison-Pender, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Denison-Pender, of Strangways, Marnhull, Dorset, took place at St. Gregory's, Marnhull. The grown-up bridesmaids are Miss Barbara and Miss Cynthia Denison-Pender, sisters of the bride; the little girls are Ann Denison-Pender (cousin) and Fay Charrington; the pages Robin Denison-Pender (cousin) and James Charrington



At Suppertime in a London Restaurant

Swaebc

At the *Café de Paris*, where one dances undisturbed by the blitz, Major Herbert was snapped with smiling Miss Dianna Tyrwhitt-Drake, eldest daughter of Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Mop End, Fulmer. Her fiancé, Sub-Lieutenant A. M. W. Blake, R.N., son of Lady Twysden, is at sea

Two others enjoying supper and a chat at the *Café de Paris* were Miss Anne Wimperis, daughter of Mr. Arthur Wimperis, the well-known author and playwright, and Lady Betty Bourke, half-sister of the Earl of Mayo, who succeeded his father in 1939

pulled down the drive by members of the Home Guard, and then some of the more sprightly guests snowballed each other.

Quite soon after this wedding, Miss Elison Pollok-Morris married Major Seton Dickson. This was a real pre-war affair, the bride in white satin, with four bridesmaids and a page. The reception was at the bride's home, Craig, near Kilmarnock, where the large, high-ceilinged rooms were ideal for receiving the crowds of guests, among whom were the Marchioness of Ailsa, and her sister, Susannah Duchess of Grafton, Sir Alexander and Lady Walker (the latter in a charming feathered toque), Lady Cochran Patrick, and Mrs. Hunter-Blair, with one of her good-looking sons.

In Dorset

LORD BICESTER, who has been in Dorset lately, recuperating from influenza, became an owner of steeplechasers when a broken pelvis stopped the hunting he had loved for years. He has had some very successful horses, including Red King, who, however, has been rather unlucky. Astrabad won at Nottingham at the last meeting there: both these horses are entered for the Gold Cup at Cheltenham this month.

Mr. "Nico" Llewellyn-Davies, now in a Guards regiment, has also been staying in Dorset. He is a very good singer of "swing," and adds much to the fun of parties by getting up and singing with the band. His brother, Peter Llewellyn-Davies, was the original of Peter Pan; Barrie was very fond of both brothers.

Captain Russell is another member of the Brigade of Guards, who likes a jolly evening out, and has had some in Dorset.

People in Circulation

PRINCE YURKA GALITZINE, a keen party-goer before the war, is now in khaki, and was having a few days' leave last week from Northern Ireland, where he is stationed. His father, Prince Nicholas Galitzine, is in the Pioneer Corps.

Lord and Lady Monkswell stick to London, and are always cheerful—she is never discouraged by anything, and very capably does the work of her large Ashbourn Place house herself. They have a growing-up son, now at Eton.

Mrs. Ronald Cross is always wanted at parties, and manages to get from one to another without a hair out of place, even when she is hatless.

From the South Seas

MR. DEREK TANGYE, brother of Nigel, who married Ann Todd, is here in khaki, having had a refreshing interlude on a South Sea island, between Fleet Street, world travel and the war. He has written a book about his amusing and interesting times: one of the many-coloured South Sea incidents is the ability of olive-skinned young women to dive into the sea and select from its depths red, black or green

fish for breakfast, according to the caprice of the breakfaster.

The film *Tabu* was made on a nearby island, which really is tabu to the natives, who promise disaster to anyone who spends a night on it. The film director who stayed there for a month, loving it, was soon killed in a motor accident: so there you are. Always believe natives. And very pleasant, too, to live among people who do not include politicians, diplomats, journalists, and so on.



Swaebc

A Christening in Shropshire

The infant daughter of Major Lord George Scott and Lady George Scott was christened at Weston-under-Lizard, receiving the names of Georgina Mary. The Earl of Bradford and his nephew, Major Lord George Scott, younger brother of the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch, are standing on the terrace at Weston Park, Shifnal, the Earl of Bradford's home. Seated in front are the Countess of Bradford, Lady George Scott (formerly Miss Molly Bishop), with the baby on her knee, and the Bishop of Lichfield, who officiated at the ceremony



Major Earl Cawdor (right), here talking to a military and a naval officer in a Scottish town, is serving in the same Highland regiment as his brother, Captain the Hon. A. C. Campbell. Lord Cawdor's Scottish home is Cawdor Castle, Nairn



Johnson, Oxford

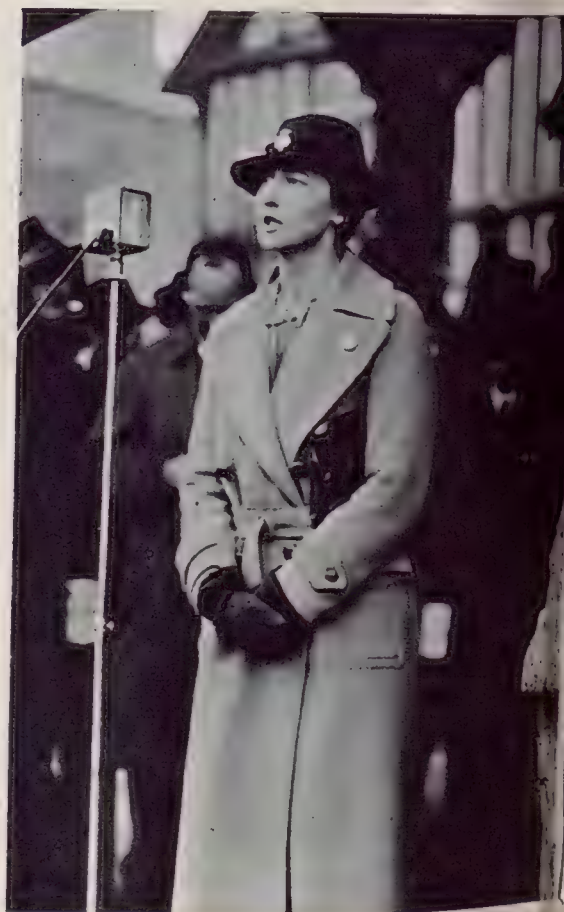
Lady Maud Carnegie (right) is patron of the Silver Thimble Fund, and went to see a demonstration at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, of the mobile brain-surgery unit which has been purchased with the donations of Oxford people. Lady Braid Taylor, with Lady Maud here, is the honorary collector for the Oxford area

People in the News and out of London

Lady Montgomerie and her eighteen-months-old son, Archibald George Montgomerie, were photographed in the snow at their Scottish home, Cranstoun Riddel, Midlothian. She was Ursula Watson before her marriage to the Earl of Eglinton and Winton's elder son in 1938. Her husband is a captain in the Ayrshire Yeomanry



Mrs. Rowland Rank (left) and her daughter, Patricia Rank, are working hard at the comforts depot which Mrs. Rank, who is a member of the W.V.S., runs at Aldwich Place, her Sussex home. Miss Rank, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. John P. Scrivener, came out in 1939



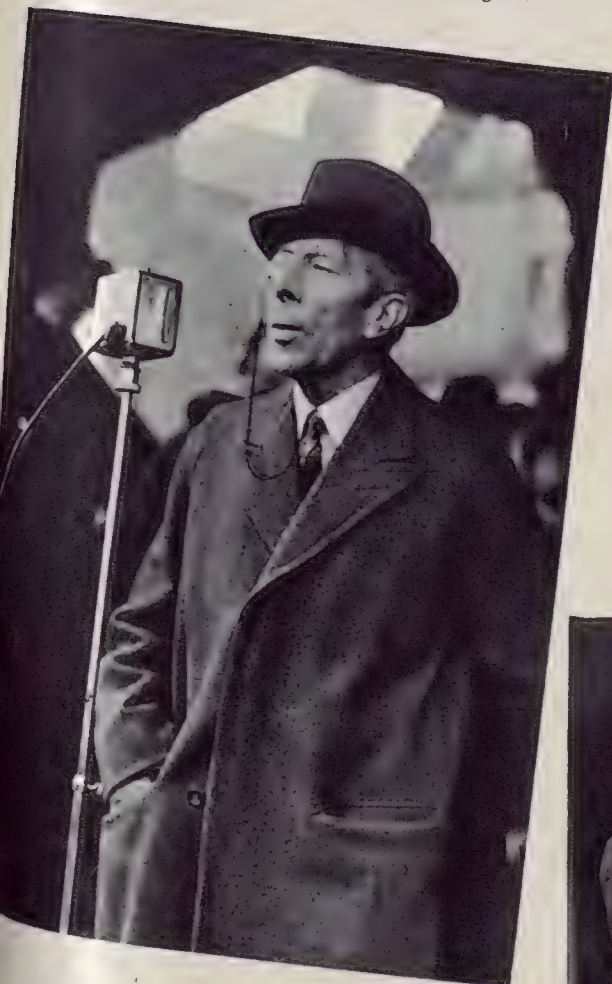


Johnson, Oxford

The Countess of Macclesfield is a member of the committee of the Oxford Officers' Sunday Club, and sits at the door with Mr. H. A. Jenkin, the hon. treasurer, collecting admittance fees for the club parties

Viscountess Harcourt is also on the Oxford Officers' Sunday Club Committee and is chairman of hostesses as well. In the photograph above, right, she is with Lieutenant J. C. Cooke and Mrs. H. A. Jenkin, the hon. secretary

The Hon. Mrs. W. Holland-Hibbert (right) is one of the tea-hostesses on Sunday afternoons at Oxford. Sitting in front of her is her daughter, Miss Delia Holland-Hibbert



Mr. George Arliss was one of the celebrities who spoke at the opening of War Weapons Week at Ledbury in Herefordshire. He was the first screen impersonator of Disraeli, who can now be seen in London as John Gielgud plays him in "The Prime Minister"

Lady Somers (left) also spoke at the Ledbury War Weapons Week opening. She and her husband live at Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, and her husband is Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire. He succeeded Lord Baden-Powell as Chief Scout in January



Lady Melchett and her husband have lent their Bedfordshire home, Colworth House, as a 'rest home for nurses from London's voluntary hospitals. Lady Melchett, second from right, below, is with some of the first thirty-five guests. Five thousand pounds has been given by the British War Relief Society of New York to run the house for a year as a nurses' holiday home



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WE'D been wondering why it was so long in coming. It has now come. A chap (and a Lieutenant-Colonel, at that) has declared in a public speech that if Hitler had only had a bow-wow friend to love and advise him he wouldn't have plunged the world into war.

Whether this pronouncement should rank below or above two previous master sayings—(1) that of the West Country mayor who said that if the Spaniards had only learned cricket there wouldn't have been that bloody civil war, and (2) that of the M.P. who recently declared that if Hitler had only been a foxhunter, etc., etc.—we leave you to judge. In a way it's more barbed than either, hitting the Great Soft Centre socko in the dead-centre of its big warm pulpy heart and summoning up a vision of the Führer, on the eve of invading Poland, gazing frantically into the lustrous yearning orbs of his doggie chum—probably an Aire-dale—and, after an exchange of anxious questions, rising a nobler man, "Boys, I can't do it—Rover says no." And the healing dawn breaks over the great grey sinful city.

INCIDENTALLY, we don't think Master Saying No. 2 (above) is as good as it seemed at first. Foxhunters are notoriously governed by rage and fear, and a pink-coated Hitler habitually thrusting and

bawling and cursing the Master and exchanging oaths with violent leathery women would quite likely have plunged the world long before 1939 into a situation hellish dark and smelling of cheese, or maybe geraniums. (See Para. 78, v., Blister Group [b]).

Lyric

"FAREWELL, my little Yo-San" (Nanny used to carol, in a kind of corrugated falsetto), "Farewell, my sweetheart true. . . O-ver the mighty O-cean, I've a duty there to do-oo; some day-ay you will re-mem-bah . . . To-Ki, your sailor [? soldier] man . . . who is going out to fight, for the cause of the right, and the freedom of de-ah Ja-PAN."

We suddenly remembered this long-faded music-hall offering as Mr. Matsuoka's latest try-on dissolved, as before, into a polite shower of cherry-blossom and old fans; wondering if the Japanese jingoes would really like it if Germany made them start anything big.

Reflection

THE fact being that our little Axis friends have never yet taken on an efficient white enemy in mass, the Russo-Japanese war of the 1900's, which inspired Nanny's lyric, being a mere push-over. Russian defence preparations at Port Arthur, we've read somewhere, were conducted more or less with a girl on each knee amid a brisk symphony of balalaikas and champagne corks. (Maybe this is why the Island Race rooted so unanimously in those days for the Japs. Slogger Drake and his game of bowls are one thing, slaps and kisses another.)

Russian Staff-work was then in its infancy. World War I. developed it into the mighty machine which took nearly three years to supply front-line troops with one rifle between three, and since that time the Finns have also given the Russ a woundy boffing.

All this has probably confirmed the Japanese military clique's impression that in the 1900's Japan took on and beat the entire



"I'll give you three to one Bruce Belfrage, and fours Alan Howland, Geoffrey Wincote, or Alvar Liddell"

Western World—you know how these ideas get about.

George the Fourth at one time had a fixed impression that he had headed a British charge at Waterloo in person, covered in glory. "H.M. ought to give up curaçoa, and he will then win no more victories," said a sympathiser. We don't know how this applies to the Japanese case (if at all).

Fib

ONE of the many sound points made by General Wavell in those three admirable lectures on Generalship published by *The Times* is that soldiers should, so far as the situation allows, be told the entire truth, and that when Intelligence announced—in what was known universally in World War I. as Corps or Divisional Comic Cuts—that the Germans were fighting badly when the Germans were fighting well, it merely annoyed the troops, who knew better.

That was partly because lying twenty-five years ago—it is quaint to think that another twenty-five years before that Wilde had written an essay on the decline of this major art—was still amateurish, judged by the principles since laid down in *Mein Kampf* and derived almost directly from Martin Luther, whose praise of the Timely Lie is well known to you.

If Intelligence wanted to put anything similar over the troops in this war it would have to be far more subtle and allusive. Numbers of the troops of 1941 are readers of the highbrow or prig weeklies, recollect. Many of them derive from Big Business and the legal or liberal professions, some are ex-journalists, many have studied Whig history, and there may even be an ex-Press agent or two among them, all accustomed to brisk modern ethical standards. You can't fool those boys with the Fourth Form stuff of 1914-18, and this time Intelligence will probably find its English criticised as well, we guess.

Footnote

THIS thought may indicate a way out. Clumsy lies can often be put over by a good prose style (Pascal, Froude, Borrow), just as you can often get chaps to read the truth—"even the truth can be made convincing," as somebody truly says in some



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN.

"I happen to know he can't lay a finger on us without a Government permit"

Harwood play or other—if it is, printed in good clear type on decent thick paper. Excuse wet glove.

Bulbjoy

DUTCH growers are having a bit of quiet fun with the Nazis, apparently, by planting bulbs which flower mysteriously all over the place in red, white, and blue, to the Dutchmen's great astonishment. We never denied those stolid boys a sense of humour, though it isn't always everybody's tea, as many artists travelling the canals in Holland and jovially stoned or spat on by the infant populace have agreed.

Our own introduction to rural Dutch humour came from the excellent bulb firm of Telkamp, whose *catalogues raisonnés* you may remember, the lush arabesques of their English being extremely attractive. "O what it is," Mynheer Telkamp's literary gentleman would frequently cry, clasping his hands, "when in the garden and home there shall be bulbjoy!!! The blomes of so-exquisite hue!!! O how happy is the bulbgrower when every bolb shall flower in bueaty, O how his loveing family shall glad!!!" We can't remember the more inspired flights.

The firm of Telkamp was strong (very properly) on family life, on the pleasures of the fireside, the festivals of the year, and the need to bind members of the home circle together more firmly by buying and planting enormous quantities of Telkamp bulbs.

And unless we're damnably in error, the English was deliberate. It wasn't long before Telkamp catalogues were being quoted by the gossip columnists and the *Punch* boys, with loud and refined guffaws respectively. The amount of free advertisement must have been colossal.

We'd like to think Mynheer Telkamp is now helping to annoy the Nazis with the same shrewd preoccupied twinkle, if he can do so without getting into trouble. O what bulb fury! O the pleasure is toomich!!!

Concession

"PEOPLE all over the world are sick of politicians," conceded frank Mr. Wendell Willkie to the Indiana Legislature the other day, and how right he was. But how many of the boys will admit it, even now?

Of all the professional politicians we've ever heard giving tongue, the late Aristide Briand was the most endurable. Steeped in cynicism, a consummate player, of the basest of games, grey and bent with years of intrigue, the late Briand seemed to be saying with sardonic relish "So what?" with every modulation of his sonorous flexible voice, and even the fag-end which perpetually drooped from his untidy moustaches was eloquent of his bland, weary contempt.

Briand probably had every vice except hypocrisy, and was therefore far more deserving of uneasy esteem than Mr. — (deleted by Censor) and other white man's burdens. The boot or the bayonet—Cromwell and Napoleon each employed the only reasonable method when human patience gives out, a chap in Ealing assured us once.

Maybe a firmer hand with decent politicians' satellites to begin with would help. The adulation which the political gossip-boys lavish continually on their favourites, especially in the Sunday papers, has often astonished us. You meet by chance some minor politician thus belauded and find him to be a nice, clean, pleasant suburban cretin.

It's no new discovery, of course; Madame Roland was equally aghast at the B-minus mediocrity of some of the leading figures of the Revolution who frequented her salon.

Our feeling is that people should hit the political gossips more; not hard, not cruelly, but firmly, in a disciplinary manner. Half the time, we dare aver, the boys don't really mean it; it's just a habit they've got into, like chain-smoking and forcing their drive.

Ordeal

INSISTING that he feels perfectly fit, Gordon Richards has been passed Grade 3 for military service after two rejections by the R.A.F., owing to the old chest trouble.

Champion jockeys lead such appalling lives that it has always seemed remarkable to us, surveying them objectively and through field-glasses, that they manage to totter round on their slim little legs at all. Fred

Archer, for example, often lived during the season on hot castor-oil, black coffee, one slice of dry toast, and one glass of champagne per day, according to a racing authority we know, spending long hours in Turkish and steam baths and, before a big race, sometimes fasting completely for forty-eight hours on end; showing that some Turf idols suffer even more than little actresses for their public's sake.

Suffering being admittedly good for literary style, the next remarkable thing is that star jockeys' memoirs and autobiographies should be of a dullness even more agonising than those of Test cricketers or Liberal politicians. One big race is very like another big race, but after all jockeys get about and meet people in the intervals, and women often go crazy over them, which is more than can be said for Liberals or Test cricketers. Maybe purely physical suffering saps the imagination.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"... And 20 years ago, when we were kids, we made a tryst to meet here to-night ..."



The Hon. Deborah Mitford

Harlip



Lord Andrew Cavendish

The Hon. Deborah Mitford is the youngest of the six daughters of Lord and Lady Redesdale, and was born in 1920. Her fiancé, Lord Andrew Cavendish, is the same age as herself. He is the younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and grandson of the Marquess of Salisbury, and is now a Second Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, the regiment with which his brother, Lord Hartington, is also serving. The snapshot of him and Miss Mitford was taken at a race meeting while he was still at Cambridge. Lord Redesdale's home is in Scotland—Inch Kenneth, near Oban

Two Important Engagements

The Hon. Pamela Berry

Bassano



Hay Wrightson
The Marquess of Huntly

The Hon. Pamela Berry's engagement to the Marquess of Huntly was announced two weeks ago. She is the only daughter of Lord Kemsley by his first wife who died in 1928, and is the twin sister of the Hon. Oswald Berry, who married the Earl of Brecknock's daughter last autumn. She is twenty-three this year. Lord Huntly succeeded his great-uncle as twelfth Marquess and Premier Marquess of Scotland in 1937. He is thirty-three. He is serving with the Gordon Highlanders, the regiment which bears the same crest and motto ("Bydand," meaning "Abiding") as his own



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

A Great Little Actor

ONE of the most disconcerting things in life is the way kindness suddenly descends upon us from the most unlikely places. Often where we expected it to come from it is denied us; while from where we expected nothing we receive a shower of goodwill. So all our calculations are upset and we spend the rest of our lives feeling eternally grateful to people to whom up to the moment of their benevolence we had felt only indifference, sometimes even resentment.

Occasionally we say to ourselves: oh! if only people would always conform to pattern. Well, the most uniformly kind and nice usually do. We praise them for their unselfishness, and presume upon it. They are the unlikeable people whose sudden change to "likeableness" takes us so completely unawares. However, I suppose if we all did what was expected of us human relationship would be intolerably dull. Everybody has his, or her, kind spots. Some are invariably kindly; others have to be kind in their own way and in their own time.

I have known—we all have—some of the most disagreeable people suddenly saying or doing the most agreeable things. And some well-nigh universally unpopular men and women unaccountably the possessor of friends whose fidelity nothing on earth will shake. Which must make the universal verdict all wrong, since nobody is really loved who has not something lovable about him. It is just that we others have not found the key. Or if we have, then it is the kind of key which unlocks all the wrong doors. And, indeed,

we all know certain people who invariably unlock all the metaphorically wrong doors in ourselves. Neither we, nor they, can do anything about it; but the moment we are together we are as "hate-able" as they believe us to be. And if we cannot, through circumstances, get away from each other, then enmity is born.

Even with those we love, who in their turn love us, there can be a growing apart. And this growing apart can be just as inevitable as the growing together ever was. I suppose it is that life educates us all differently, and circumstances in which some will expand, so to speak, will contract others; until eventually, everything that really matters most in love and friendship ceases to exist, and memory is left with that symbolical snap-book of photographs which shows us through the years in the midst of affectionate friends—each group exhibiting fresh faces. The change has been so gradual that most of us did not recognise the fact even when it became apparent. We are not all like the late Nelson Keys who, we read in the interesting biography, *Bunch* (Hurst & Blackett, 15s.), written by his son, John Paddy Carstairs, could discard a whole set of close acquaintances, masquerading as friends, and take on another set without so much as a falsely fond farewell.

A Difficult Nature

MOST biographies written by close relatives are either boringly eugenic, or equally boringly unflattering. John Carstairs seems me to strike the happy medium admirably.

Nelson Keys had a devoted wife and family, and several very devoted friends, and yet the picture his son gives of him can easily be mistaken for a rather unlikeable portrait. Just as his famous father was a compact mass of cleverness, so also he was a mass of contradictions. One would have had to know him very well indeed, to have forgiven him unto seventy times seven much of the time. Maybe only in comparatively little things was he unpleasant; though I have found that these comparatively little things create higher barriers against affection than all the big vices in the world.

For instance: "He would think up all sorts of little dodges to avoid tipping, and even telling delightedly how he had avoided giving a stage-door man his accustomed 'beer money,' or how he had short-changed a taxi driver. And yet, in direct contrast to this petty and quite extraordinary meanness, he could be, and was, extremely generous." He rarely, if ever, dined at a restaurant without disputing the bill and making a scene. He was always suspicious—as so many ninety-percent mean people are—of being "done," and sometimes went to extraordinary lengths to find out if this were, or were not, the case.

Nevertheless, he was a great success socially. Society made a pet of him, and he revelled in it; though it never made him careless in his work, nor did he deep down take it all in without that proverbial pinch of salt.

Success, Fortune and Poverty

NELSON KEYS fought hard for success, but he won it. This biography tells us perhaps too little of the struggle, but it records the triumphs minutely. Yet it is not as a theatrical biography that the book is most interesting, but for the portrait it paints of a man whose nature was a kind of pattern in black and white, with scarcely any of those grey splotches, neither black nor white, with which most of us are endowed by Nature. He took his art in deadly seriousness, yet during his "off" hours we read: "He wanted to dress in those beautifully made suits, and step smartly along Piccadilly with friends saluting him and foreign waiters grinning as they showed him to 'Your usual table, Missa Key.'" He wanted beautiful women to come up and say: "Bunch, darling, such a wonderful show. Do come to my party tomorrow night. You know my husband?" And husband adding: "I say—awfully good show, that—what?"

During his life he made a large fortune, and yet died in debt. Apparently, he never paid bills until threatened by the law, while the income tax people must surely have employed a special clerk to send in the "final notices." He lost money in two theatrical productions, he lost money on racehorses, he was among the human "débris" after the Hatry smash, and yet even during a comparatively bad period he was earning nearly three thousand a year.

Perhaps he died at the proper moment. His last appearance in a pantomime at Covent Garden, was a popular "flop," though an artistic creation. He was in reality a great actor, though most people only remember him now as a supreme mimic. He was the intelligent man and woman's comedian. Personally, he never made me actually laugh, but I enjoyed, as one enjoys perfection, his every appearance "in character" on the stage. I remember him, perhaps best of all—a diminutive figure, brim full of cleverness, with an expression on his face at once "nervy," even distraught, gaining all his affects so naturally that one forgot the actor in the supreme characterisation—in those Palace



Lord and Lady Fermoy Run a Y.M.C.A. Tea Car

A Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen, driven by Lord Fermoy, visits daily an isolated Coastal Command Station. Lady Fermoy shares the work with her husband. On the left she hands tea to pilots of an American-built Lockheed plane, and on the right Lord Fermoy drinks a cup with the Wing Commander of the Station

(Continued from page 385)

Theatre revues, where Arthur Playfair was his ideal foil, and in the revue *Folly To Be Wise*, where Cecily Courtneidge was his perfect partner, though her genius resembled his so greatly.

Indeed, this interesting biography—psychologically rather than theatrically interesting; since theatrical reminiscences are not everybody's cup of tea, though they happen to be mine—will bring back many happy recollections of the greatest days of revue when Nelson Keys was the talk of the town. Memories of a great natural actor who found fame as a comedian and as a mimic. Always will he be remembered affectionately by every playgoer who, in memory, conjures back the great pre-war theatrical days of the last twenty years. They will welcome and enjoy this outspoken biography.

A Thriller Misses Fire

I CAN best describe Miss Anne Hocking's detective story as a thriller which misses fire. Its title is *Nights' Candles* (Geoffrey Bles, 7s. 6d.). Nevertheless there are compensations. The characters carry the story along, and they are very well drawn. The plot begins darkly enough. The Commandant of the Police in Cyprus is in charge of the case of suspected murder of an archaeologist, Ernest Mannington. He has a charming wife who writes novels, and surrounding them are a group of people, all liable to suspicion, but all very pleasant to meet otherwise. The trouble, however, is—that is if you are awaiting a recognisable detective yarn—that these people are so interesting in themselves and in their habits of life and conduct that you almost forget about the murdered archaeologist and, almost forgetting, cease to care over much. So that when at last the mystery is cleared up it falls rather flat, as if somebody had introduced the real subject of a debate when everybody was being amused, or thrilled, by the various mental idiosyncrasies of the speakers who up to that moment, had wandered far from the point.

In any case, the elucidation leaves everything and everybody so satisfactory that it is more like a conventional happy ending than a bit of triumphant justice. So don't read the story as a thriller, read it as a story which merely has a murder mystery interwoven. Then it is far more satisfying and quite enjoyable.

A Gaily Valuable Little Book

To those for whom the thought of joining the army be a kind of secret horror, knowing themselves to be quite unmilitary minded, and dreading the discipline and the kind of labour they will be called upon to perform (to say nothing of the mental and spiritual revolt), I would strongly recommend them to read Anthony Cotterell's little book, *What! No Morning Tea* (Gollancz, 4s. 6d.). The author is, or was, a young Fleet-street journalist, and when he received his calling-up notice his first thought was that everything he had ever worked for had gone up in smoke. It was a bad, but quite natural, beginning. He dreaded his new experiences. But he had a sense of humour and it carried him through them all. His account of them forms the story of a very raw recruit.

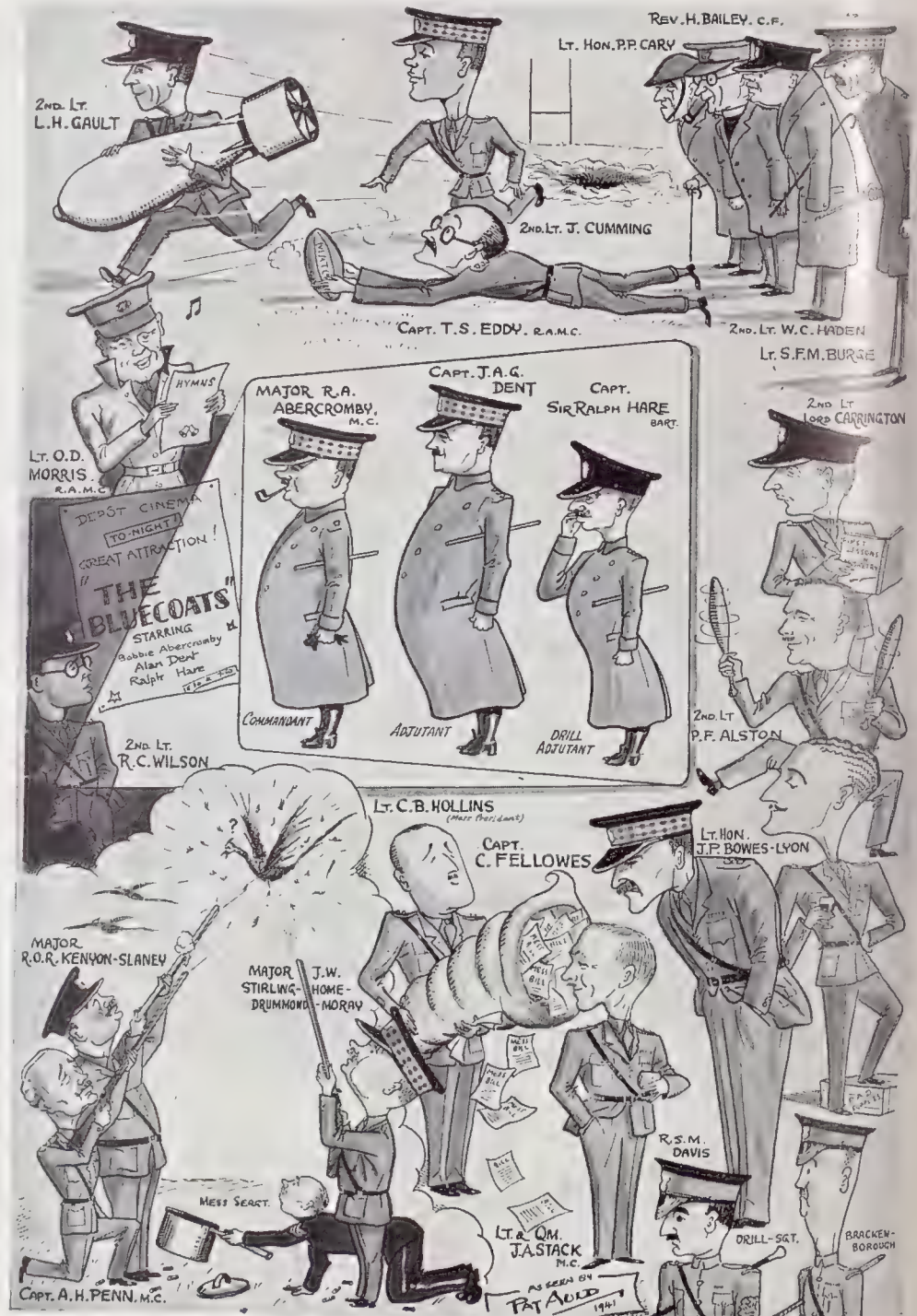
But before long he commenced to enjoy

his new life in spite of aching muscles and limbs and a certain loneliness in the midst of his new companions. He even resigns himself to the discipline, because soon he begins to realise that behind it all was a real desire on the part of the officers and instructors to ease his lot and make the novelty of being a soldier less disagreeable for a civilian. Presently, in fact, he is amazed to find how interested he becomes in Bren guns and rifles, and he becomes more enthralled by them as he learns more about them. And this discovery applies to the whole of army life. There are, of course, some rough patches, but his sense of fun prevents them from getting him down. In fact, as he becomes more at home in his new life, he begins to enjoy himself, and with this enjoyment comes keener observation, a greater knowledge of how to judge a situation and to command it.

And with all this army experience, which he describes so happily and so well, there go

a number of good stories and character studies of his fellow conscripts, who range from all over the country and include a whole variety of types. Apart therefore from the actual work of training there is any amount of fun, providing a young man does as the author did, throws himself into the life and makes the jolliest best of every side of it.

So, although the book itself can almost be classed as "light entertainment," it is, in reality, something much more important than that. It is an account of the army life of today as seen by a raw recruit who, in civilian life, so he tells us, smoked cigars on Saturday afternoon, and never wanted to play football. And as there are many such who at the moment may be feeling uneasy when their turn comes to join up, they should read this book and be reassured. While those who have already gone through the same experiences as Anthony Cotterell will thoroughly enjoy to be reminded of what they too discovered.



Officers and Others at a Guards' Depot somewhere in England, as seen by Pat Auld

Getting Married



Hay Wrightson
Miss Babette Salt



Miss Diana de Horsey



Miss Joyce Prizer

Bassano

Babette Irene ("Chimps") Salt, younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. H. F. Salt, of 84, Stafford Court, W.8, and sister of the former Primrose Salt, now Mrs. A. H. Osborne, is engaged to Captain John de Grey Tatham Warter, the Queen's Bays. -He is the eldest son of the late Henry de Grey Tatham Warter, of Hinton Hall, Salop, and Mrs. Tatham Warter, of Portway House, Kirlington, Oxon

Diana de Horsey is the younger daughter of the late Admiral de Horsey, and Mrs. de Horsey, of 39, Hill Street, W.1. Her engagement has been announced to Lieut. George William ("Sandy") Stavert, K.O.S.B., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Stavert, of Endmoor, near Kendal

Joyce Prizer is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Stanley H. Skinner, R.A.F., younger son of Sir Hewitt Skinner, Bt., and Lady Skinner, of 12, Hyde Park Place, W.2. She is the younger daughter of the late Rodney de Levis Prizer, and Mrs. Prizer, of New York and London

Mrs. Michael Crichton-Stuart

Bassano

Mrs. C. F. J. Lloyd-Davies



Miss June Arbuthnott

June Carnegie Arbuthnott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Carnegie Arbuthnott, of Endmoor, Brechin, Angus, and Holly Copse, Coving Heath, Oxon, is engaged to Captain Gerald Michael Osborne, the Black Watch, of Parkside, St. Cyrys, Montrose, only son of the late Major and Mrs. J. E. Osborne

Barbara Symes, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Stewart Symes, late Governor-General of the Sudan, and Lady Symes, was married on March 1st at the Kasren-Nil Chapel, Cairo, to Captain Michael Crichton-Stuart, Scots Guards. General Sir Archibald Wavell gave the bride away. The bridegroom is the son of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Wavell Ramsay, and nephew of the Marquess of Bute

Rachel Mary Agar-Robartes was married last Saturday at Bath Abbey to Com. Maxwell Felix Justin Lloyd-Davies, R.N., son of the late Dr. Lloyd-Davies, and Mrs. Lloyd-Davies, of Cherry Hinton, Edward Seventh Avenue, Newport, Conn. She is the daughter of Major the Hon. Victor Agar-Robartes, of 9, St. James Park, Portland Road, Bath, and niece of Viscount Clifden

(Continued on page 398)

Lunchtime Ballet

Four Rambert-London Dancers in "Enigma Variations"

One of the theatrical phenomena of wartime London, and especially since the blitz began, has been the astonishing vitality and popularity of ballet. During one week of February there were nine theatres open in the West End: four of these were showing ballet, and at two of the four three performances a day were being given. Pioneers of blitz ballet were the two companies who during the bleakest months of last autumn began their lunchtime performances at the Arts Theatre. Soon they gave lunch and after-lunch shows, then added teatime to their programmes, then took a second theatre, topped their 500th performance mark about two weeks ago, and now there are rumours that the between-tea-and-dinner or after-work gap may soon be filled by these dancing philanthropists. The two companies, the Arts Theatre Ballet and the Rambert-London Ballet, appear during alternate weeks at the Ambassadors Theatre (general public) and their home, the Arts Theatre Club (members only).

Sylvia Hayden

Fifteen-year-old Sylvia Hayden was discovered by Anthony Tudor at the Nesta Brooking School of Dancing, and became an original member of the London Ballet, which was then at Toynbee Hall. Three years later, as a member of the combined Rambert-London Company, she shows herself a soloist fulfilling the promise which made her work in the corps de ballet so interesting to watch. Her dancing is particularly graceful, supple and expressive.

Elizabeth Schooling



Frank Staff

Frank Staff has done most of his training with and work for Marie Rambert, but spent one year as a member of the Vic-Wells Company. As a choreographer he made his debut at the Ballet Club a year or two back with "Tartans." In 1939 he produced "Czernyana," an excellent piece of work for a young choreographer, witty, original, and well-thought-out, with some attractive solos and grouping. "Peter and the Wolf" showed him as creator of a character ballet, and was notable for its economy, freshness and humour. "Enigma Variations" to Elgar's music, from which the action pictures on these pages were taken, is his latest work, and his first essay in the "symphonic" style. As a dancer, both technically and in the dramatic presentation of a role, he gives the impression of being capable of much development of his considerable talents

Photographs by Anthony



Elizabeth Schooling and Frank Staff in their "Enigma Variations" Pas de Deux



Sylvia Hayden and David Paltenghi in a Variation

David Paltenghi, who is Sylvia Hayden's partner in one of the most important pas de deux in "Enigma Variations," has been with the Rambert Company about a year. He began to dance three years ago, when he was eighteen

Elizabeth Schooling began her training with Marie Rambert when she was fourteen, and has been dancing for her ever since, first at the Ballet Club and now at the Arts and Ambassadors Theatres, taking solo roles of all kinds. She has a great sense of wit, and gives her best performances when there is a character to create, as in "Bar aux Folies Bergère," or the opportunity for satire, as in "Czernyana."



Best-dressed racehorse owner in America is Mrs. Charles Bromley, of Philadelphia, photographed with "Judge" George Brown, of Baltimore, at Hialiah races. He is judge of the Hialiah Park course and several others



Mrs. Walter Richard has a house at Miami Beach, and Mr. Rodney Soher has taken one. More of his doings in "Letter from Miami." Mrs. Richard and her husband used to be St. Moritz regulars



Mrs. Goukassov poses in a suit of the pale pink silk pyjamas which are Florida's favourite lunch-party dress. She is the Welsh-born wife of the White Russian oil magnate (was Lena Lloyd), has her six-year-old daughter with her in the U.S.A. Her husband recently returned to London



Mr. "Gussie" Miesegaes is a Dutchman who escaped from Holland to America. Luckily for him his large fortune is mostly in Java. His host here is Mr. Walter Richard

Letter From Miami

By Pamela Murray

MIAMI BEACH is an extraordinary place, almost entirely artificial. The islands are mostly made by hand, and strung together by causeways, bridges and slim spits of sand, planted with palm trees and built up with fine villas, some Moorish, some modernist, others plain and comfortable, with red, white or green tiled roofs, one big living room, a porch or patio, a pool, and a few bedrooms for those who retire after night clubbing.

To Hialiah race-track we repaired on landing from Nassau during a hurricane more wild than any remembered by the oldest inhabitant, which is not more than forty-nine: the pace in Miami being such that no one lives to fifty. Hialiah was more astonishing than ever, the flamingoes more numerous, and the little bits of nonsense thick upon the steps which lead down to the nicest paddock in the United States. There, the first dazzling blonde we saw was wearing a shade of emerald so vivid, and a set of foxes so luxurious (in spite of the heat), that it was impossible to mistake her for anyone other than young Mrs. Damon Runyon.

ALSO racing was Mrs. Charles Bromley, who owns a number of horses, and who has often been correctly described as the best-dressed matron on the Eastern seaboard. Born a Philadelphia belle, and now a grandmother, she confirms that the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania is sending large quantities of materials to England. This organisation has not had the publicity which Mrs. Wales Latham gets for Bundles for Britain, but it labours with equal belligerence.

Mr. Bromley avoids the fashionable club stand at Hialiah because he likes his box to be in line with the winning-post, and in the grand-stand, where rumours buzz. Others with the same ideas include the Henry Fairhursts of Paris, seated with Major McCreery, who trains for most of the emigrés, and has a couple of horses of Lord Carnarvon's.

Mrs. F.A. Lindsay, showing a lemon in Mrs. Richard's garden to Mr. David Van Beuran, is head of the Used Clothing Department of British War Relief in Miami Beach. She has been known to strip rich arrivals of their overcoats in her enthusiasm for her war work

THE Hialiah course, outside Miami, has a new president, a Mr. Clarke, who is thick-haired, wide-shouldered and handsome in the healthy Kennedy way. But Mr. Widener, Senior, still sits on the board and in his enormous box, where I counted twenty-eight orchids presented to him on the opening day, and still being used a week later as a "prop" by the photographers, who were recording the presence of the Misses Fernada (Gurnee) Munn and Mary (Charlie) Munn.

The latter has been listed by Elsa Maxwell as one of the ten best-dressed women in America. Miss Maxwell's list is refreshing in that she cites one much older woman, Lady Ribblesdale (known here as Mrs. Ribblesdale, since she has resumed American citizenship), and a young girl—Mary Munn. Elsa disagrees with those who invariably put Mrs. "Moano" Williams on top, only because she is the shops' best client.

But Elsa threatens, as a wartime measure, to publish her list of the ten worst-dressed women in the world—plus the ten biggest bores.

THE things people think up as money-raisers! Pete Widener is organising the biggest dog show ever held in Pennsylvania, on his place there, in May. The best judges in the country are giving their services, so that all proceeds can go to Britain. Pete intends judging the dachshunds, one of the most fashionable breeds in the United States.

Rodney Soher (who was in the R.A.F. in the last war, but is now regarded by the powers as an old, old man), has taken a house here, having given his yacht Tyrant, the erstwhile pride of the Croisette, to the Admiralty, after sailing her home from Cannes in epic-epic circumstances. Rodney Soher hopes to join Fred Sigrist's munitions effort over in California. Meanwhile he has collected 120,000 dollars (work that out at the present rate of exchange) for mobile kitchens and ambulance units. For single-handed, unadvertised begging, this must take the cracker.

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Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Hey! What the (CENSORED)? Why the 'ell don't yer take up darts?"



The Silver Medal was won by Yvonne Owen, also the Mrs. Temperley Prize. She played Angelique in Molière's "George Dandin," acted in French; also Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The performances were given at the R.A.D.A. theatre in Malet Street

Future Stars

Plays Ancient and Modern by the Students of the Royal Academy

For the first time, the students of the R.A.D.A. held their annual performance in the Academy's own theatre in Malet Street. Mr. Stewart Watson, manager of the Haymarket Theatre, where for many years the event has taken place, watched the acting with deep interest. The judges who saw the varied programme were Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Yvonne Arnaud, Mr. William Armstrong, of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and Mr. Herbert Farjeon, our own dramatic critic, who so often discovers fresh talent for the London theatre. The repertoire consisted of Shakespeare and Molière, also plays by John Drinkwater and Emyln Williams. Alan Badel, a 17-year-old Manchester student, whose father was French and his mother English, won the coveted Bancroft Gold Medal



The Shakespeare School Prize was awarded to Betty Rogers, for her representation of Ophelia. With her in the scene from "Hamlet" are Jean Hedley-Davis as the Queen, and Terry Morgan as Laertes. The plays chosen by the students showed that they have plenty of ambition, and a high standard of acting was achieved



Two prize-winners are seen together in a scene from "Abraham Lincoln," by John Drinkwater: Mehdi Furugh, taking the part of Mr. Douglass, won the Gertrude Lawrence prize for character acting; and John Blatchly, making a fine Lincoln, received the Academy Bronze Medal



The Bancroft Medal was carried off by an outstanding piece of acting on the part of Alan Badel. He appeared in the name-part in Molière's "George Dandin," and also in the mime play, "The Prodigal Son." With him here is Sheila Sim, as Lubin

Two modern plays, "The Corn is Green" and "Stage Door," were part of the competition repertoire. Margaret Gordon, winner of the Kendall Prize last autumn, was Miss Moffat, the school teacher originally created by Sybil Thorndike, and Robin Hood was the Squire who had no belief in the emancipation of women, in Emyln Williams' play about the importance of education. The trio on the far right, Hilary Liddell, Leslie Greenfield and Margaret Still, were acting a scene from the Edna Ferber-George Kaufman comedy



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Great Friend to Polo

THE late King Alfonso, whose death is a personal sorrow to such a large number of people in England, will ever be remembered, in the polo world in particular, for the great assistance which he gave to our 1914 International team, the last one to win that Westchester Cup from America.

The 1913 team, with many another before and since, suffered from a lack of opportunity for winter practice, so when the 1914 expeditionary force was embodied under the ægis of the late Lord Wimborne and skippered by Major Rattle Barrett, it was determined to remedy the defect, if possible. It was here that King Alfonso came to the rescue by inviting the team to go to Madrid and put in some months of invaluable practice on the fast and very good grounds in the capital of Spain.

At that time we had not won that cup since 1902 (in England), and though our 1913 side (the team financed very largely by the present Duke of Westminster) made a magnificent effort, it was felt that if winter practice could be arranged, it might just tip the scale in our favour. It did; and for this King Alfonso's hospitality undoubtedly did a very great deal.

Major (then Captain) Barrett, Lieutenant-Colonel (also then Captain) Lockett,

Brigadier (then Captain) the late "Mouse" Tomkinson, and I think, for part of the time, the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Denis Bingham, and if I remember rightly one other possible, went out, ponies and all, and were able to get the practice they wanted against some of the good Spanish teams, the Duke of Peñaranda being very prominent amongst the Spanish players. Leslie Cheape did not go, as it was only after the side came back that he was co-opted for No. 2, Denis Bingham, who was formerly in the 15th Hussar team with Rattle, being dropped after some disappointing displays. The eventual side selected was, giving them the ranks they then held, Captain Tomkinson (Royals) (1), Captain Cheape (K.D.G.s) (2), Captain Barrett (15th Hussars) (3), Captain Lockett (17th Lancers) (back). Only two of that team are alive to-day, Rattle Barrett and Vivian Lockett, and both of them, I am sure, cherish the happiest memories of all that King Alfonso did for them and their comrades in arms during that interesting time.

The King himself was no mean performer, and he was ever one of the greatest of enthusiasts. This quite apart, he was personally most popular, and was a by no means infrequent visitor to Hurlingham and Ranelagh.

Two World Records

THE following most interesting letter comes to me from Mrs. S. A. Meadows, of Withesham Hall, near Ipswich, and is induced by a recent note in these pages concerning the only known mounted pipe band in any army, the one possessed by the 17th Bengal Lancers. Mrs. Meadows, whom I have the honour to know, writes:

In a note in *The Tatler*, you mention the mounted pipes of the 17th B.L. It was my father, Colonel C. W. Muir, of that regiment, who mounted the pipes, and I have a photograph of them which I do not know whether you would like to see? The pipe band was, I think, abandoned by my father's successor. An old soldier, being in these parts some two years ago, asked me for the photograph as he wanted to write an article about them, but at that time I had mislaid the picture. You were kind enough to ask me to the Calcutta Paperchase Dinner which you ran in London in 1922, the first time it had ever been held in England.

There was a very good reason why Mrs. Meadows, whom I had not met until then,



Racing Broadcasters

G. Wilson, the steeplechase jockey, and Mr. Wilfred Taylor are both scheduled to broadcast on March 21st in a new B.B.C. series called "The Crowd Roars." And to-morrow Mr. Taylor is talking over the air on women and wartime racing. They were photographed at the recent jump meeting at Plumpton

should be present, because her father, Charlie Muir, as he was to most of us who knew him, put up another record in addition to the 17th B.L. mounted pipe band, for he won that very desperate contest over fences, the Calcutta Paperchase Cup, three years in succession, 1878-79-80, on the same horse, Warwickshire Lad.

The conditions demand that it is the owner who must ride. A few people have won it twice, amongst them the late Lord William Beresford, Mr. W. O. Rees, Mr. Roly Pugh, Colonel Holmes Gresson, the late Captain Hyla Holden, and Mr. Timothy Evers, who is well known in the Beaufort country. I ought to be able to add another dual winner, but I rode a bad race and was beaten a short head at the end of a five-mile trip; but the steed was a very hot ride over a very tricky line. Crossing a raised road she saved me from death jumping the tail of a bamboo bullock-cart which kindly got in the way. There was no other way, because there was a fair packet of us all in line abreast.

The Calcutta Paperchase Cup

IT is the Amateur Cross Country Blue Riband, and certainly one of the hardest, hottest and most trying rides that mortal man can take on and it dates back to 1874. It is probable that they will be running it at about the time this arrives in India. It takes far more winning than any steeplechase in India, by reason of the hundred-and-one added possibilities, the bigger fences, the hard ground, and last, but certainly not least, the distance. The course is always nearer five miles than four, and there are, as a rule, anything from 20 to 25 fences, most of them substantial "mud" walls, i.e., obstacles built out of cut sods, and in height varying from 4 ft. to 4 ft. 2 in., and some even higher, the big bank at the end of the Bund Country having, to my personal



Engaged Couple in Cheshire

Captain P. F. (Jim) Rodwell, of the Special Air Service Battalion, and Miss Barbara Brunt, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Brunt, of Sudlow, Knutsford, Cheshire, have announced their engagement. They were photographed with Miss Brunt's hunter, Abbot, at her home. Captain Rodwell comes from Suffolk; is the elder son of Major and Mrs. F. J. Rodwell, of Halesworth.



The Cambridge XV. Which Won the Varsity Rugby Match

The return Varsity match was played at Cambridge on March 1st, and was won by Cambridge by thirteen points to nil. In the team were J. H. Gibson (Duwich and Queen's), E. R. Knapp, captain (Cardiff H.S. and St. Catharine's), R. C. Thompson (Marlborough and Pembroke), R. E. Crighton (Uppingham and Clare), E. E. Warburg (Bryanston and Jesus), G. T. Wright (Kingswood and Queen's), A. S. May (Duwich and St. Catharine's), J. A. Dew (Tonbridge and St. Catharine's), P. R. Masters (Haileybury and Pembroke), C. Rolland (Loretto and Trinity Hall), M. Shirley (Cheadle Hulme and Queen's), T. Horsey (Clayesmore and Queen's), R. P. Sinclair (Bedford and Trinity Hall), K. W. Walker (Harrow and Pembroke), P. G. Bratherton (Manchester G.S. and St. John's). The referee was Captain L. H. F. Sanderson



Linesman Arriving

Captain N. M. S. Macpherson was one of the linesmen for the Varsity match on March 1st. He played for Oxford in 1928. With him here is his wife. The first match between the two Universities, which was played in December at Oxford, was also won by Cambridge, by eleven points to nine. This time Oxford were expected to have their revenge, but the Cambridge pack upset their calculations

knowledge, measured a good 5 ft. on a Paperchase Cup morning, when it happened, as it usually does, to be included in the list of obstacles.

This Cup is run at a pace that is considerably faster than they usually go with hounds, and as most of the horses competing are near thoroughbreds and quite capable of holding their own in a far more ambitious arena, it can be well understood that they do not exactly crawl! The first essential is something that can gallop, jump and stay, and that is hardy enough and sound enough to have come through the season without accident or mishap.

Run as it is in the boiling month of March, by which time the Ballygunge country has been baked to the consistency of bricks, and when the ploughs are little better than a collection of clods as solid and as unbreakable as cannon-balls, when the lanes and the roads are deep in a choking dust, it gives those who have never participated in one of these hard-fought battles a small conception of what it is that the aspirant to fame has to take on.

What It Feels Like

TAKE all these things into consideration, imagine yourself on the back of a vigorous horse that takes a lot of holding, wedged in the midst of a field that certainly will number a couple of dozen, possibly more, charging a fence that is so narrow that scarcely six of you can have it abreast, a fall a certainty that you will have the rear rank in the

small of your back and probably a couple of them down on top of you, for it is quite impossible early in the race to pull out and avoid the slain; then a desperate jostle down a narrow lane with deep ditches on both sides, a greasy turn by a tank at the end of it, and a scramble through a belt of jungle where you will probably get more than one vigorous sapling, or a good imitation of the

"wait-a-bit" thorn, tearing the nose off you—and all the while a dust-storm, and a steam bath from the sweating horses all round you—and you have a fair idea of how it feels to ride up amongst the thrusters. It is a "devil tak' the hindmost" fight from the start to the finish.

So to win this thing three times straight off the reel as Charlie Muir did is to have done something.



A Battalion of the Green Howards

Back: Sec.-Lieuts. A. J. Barbrook and J. de C. Beamish, Lieut. (Q.M.) J. Corner, Sec.-Lieuts. P. J. Howell, K. F. Goellnicht, H. Spence, G. G. Nuttall, R. G. Gray, H. C. Boddington, A. H. Davidson, J. R. Booth, M.C., R. Ogden, E. W. Clay

Centre: Sec.-Lieuts. G. E. R. Pendred, G. J. Eltringham, H. T. Caden, E. F. Faulkner, J. E. O. Roelofsen, T. B. Cheer, E. L. Bowen, P. B. Watson, D. M. D. O'Driscoll, O. J. V. Kitson, F. Brand, W. N. Read, G. F. D. Haslewood

Front: The Rev. D. B. Elliott, M.C., R.A., Ch.D., Captains A. G. Best, I. Donking, R. W. Metcalfe, D. D. Mitchell, Majors D. A. Mander and E. C. Cooke-Collis, Lieut.-Colonel C. N. Littleboy, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., Captain J. B. Mansell (Adjutant), Major J. G. Middleditch, Captains B. H. W. Jackson, E. L. Kirby, M.C., G. R. Day, G. R. Royston, R.A.M.C.

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Press Push

A ROYAL AIR FORCE pilot, the other day, called me a "columnist." Not having an iron bar handy, I, like the man in the police court, "made no reply." One grade lower than a "socialite," a columnist, if the species is to be known by its works, is a creature that makes gossip tedious by egoism.

In the trade of type-writing, there are no fifth columnists, or fourth, or third, or second columnists; all are first columnists, giving their own person absolute priority. Self before society is the watchword, and their columns are columns and columns about columnists. They are rich in egos and though they cost more than three shillings a dozen, they are not often worth it.

How humbly do our soldiers, sailors and airmen minister to them, remaining always deferentially in the background! I found that my air pilot who had addressed me as a columnist had done so not because he had any grudge against me, but because he had appeared recently in a columnist's column in the somewhat humiliating form of a peg.

He wanted to know why. It seems, poor fellow, that he had met a columnist at a party and had revealed to him the full story of a flying adventure, expecting that the adventure would be recounted next day. Instead, one small bit came out as a peg on which were hung some pseudo-philosophical reach-me-downs—a humbling experience.

Tact and Technique

HE had expected his little flash of fame, and had even performed the almost impossible feat of building Castle-rosses in the air about it, and had then been grievously disappointed. He thought he had not done enough to "put his story over."

I disillusioned him, and took the opportunity to warn him about the ways of the whole tribe of parahounds. Royal Air Force men, of course, have the parahounds always with them, and it behoves them to be wary. If they give, from their funds of flying stories, they must expect nothing in return.

Frankness is really the only safe line. But there is no need to try and help, and there is danger in embroidery, for it may again be over-embroidered. To furnish the columnist with material is to risk becoming his stooge. To go an inch beyond the facts is to risk being made to look foolish.

Playing the role of columnist, I could a tale unfold of eminent Royal Air Force officers with exceedingly vague ideas about aeroplanes and how they fly, and with even vaguer ideas about air tactics.

Not being a columnist, I have not given them away. Some would be less scrupulous. In these days the Services—whatever their wishes—cannot entirely cut themselves off from the Press, because there is always the war of propaganda to be fought as well as the war of arms. They should study the technique of

dealing with the more importunate parahounds, and thoroughly master the polite put-off.

Aircrew-making

MY method is to prefer to be late with the news than to risk letting out anything that might either harm the war effort or annoy or hurt any member of the Services. The result is that I frequently am very late with the news.

For long I have wanted to describe the special conveyor system which is used by Rotol Airscrews in their airscrew factory somewhere in England. It is one of the finest examples I have seen in the whole aircraft industry of sound planning.

Details have been published in the technical Press recently, so I take it that there is no need any longer to remain silent on the subject. Airscrews are difficult things to build in series, and when Rotol took on the job we in this country had little experience of constant-speed airscrew manufacture. In fact, I think de Havilland were the only people who knew much about it.

Lord Beaverbrook appointed Mr. Coverley to be controller, and he brought into operation a conveyor airscrew assembly system which is a delight to the logical mind. The blades are carried vertically in the conveyor and there is full access to them from both sides. There are various kinds of Rotol airscrew, and they can have

American Gift Badge for Chief of Air Staff

At the London Headquarters of the British War Relief Society of America, Mrs. Rex Benson presented a badge produced by this organisation to Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of Air Staff. The small badge-brooch in the shape of pilot's wings is a best-seller to American girls. Already it has raised a sum of £7000 in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent and R.A.F. Comforts funds

metal blades, or blades of compressed and impregnated wood.

The Enemy

THERE are many mysteries about the Germans, and one that always puzzles me is the change that seems to have come over their characters during the past forty years or so. If they could be judged from those tourists and others who used to visit this country long before 1914, they seemed to include many pleasing personalities.

They were far from the "dejected louts" (Mr. Priestley has crystallised their present character in those two words) of the war of 1939. Especially attractive were the lowlier members of the race who used to come to England.

As a child, I used to be allowed every week to go out and give sixpence to the German band that came round and set up its music-desks close to the house. It was really composed of Germans, portly players of brass instruments, and it gave great pleasure to all the children of that part.

Whether the very fact that some of the chosen race were engaged on such humble tasks rankled and began the rot, I do not know; but the idea that those who gave those bandsmen tips were being patronising is totally false. Many children nourished the secret ambition of becoming a member of such a band, and regarded it as the highest point to which they could aspire.

Now the contrast is sharp and awful. Humble pursuits and the giving of pleasure are two things which the modern German holds in abhorrence. His desire is to make the world run with blood, and he is rapidly achieving it. This two-sidedness to the German character is reminiscent of characters of fiction and of fact who are outwardly meek and mild, but are suddenly discovered to be homicidal maniacs.

I suppose, however, that the true trouble is that sensible and sane men have been so reluctant to accept it that the Germans are homicidal maniacs that they have let them get a start in their campaign of slaughter. I think it likely that this year we shall have recovered that handicap, and that the arm of the law will be reaching out to Germany.



Airman's Engagement

Flight-Lieut. William Dennis David, D.F.C. and Bar, only son of Mrs. F. R. David, of Maple Road, Surbiton, is engaged to Miss Joan Doris Physick, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Physick, of Firholm, Ditton Hill, Surrey. He is one of the six Hurricane pilots who attacked forty Messerschmitts last August, bringing down fourteen. He has accounted for eighteen enemy aircraft, and another possible seventeen which have not been confirmed

With the Fleet Air Arm—No. 27



“Recreation”: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

To get enough exercise and games on board an aircraft-carrier is a tricky problem. A complement of well over a thousand men is carried, which means life under rather cramped-up conditions. While at sea the men enjoy organised recreation and physical training. The huge flying-decks give ample space for any amount of sports and games, the most important of which is hockey. It must be slightly distracting for those who want a quiet game of halma to have badminton, hockey, weight-lifting, darts, leapfrog, boxing and skipping going on around them, but the two pictured in the left-hand foreground seem quite unmoved. Holding the darts-board at face-level argues a strong nerve or unbounded confidence in the skill of the thrower. Even two of the ship's cats appear to have invented a game of their own

Getting Married (Continued)



Dickson—Pollok-Morris

Major Seton Graeme Dickson, Royal Scots, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman B. Dickson, of Struan, Wimbledon Park, S.W., and Ellison Janet Pollok-Morris, only child of the late Colonel Pollok-Morris, and Mrs. Pollok-Morris, of Craig, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, were married at St. Giles's, Dundonald



Brinsden—Copley

Flight-Lieut. Frank Noel Brinsden, R.A.F., son of Mrs. E. M. Brinsden, of Auckland, N.Z., and Cynthia Josephine Copley, only daughter of Sq.-Leader and Mrs. R. J. Copley, of Manor House, Newton, Cambridgeshire, were married at St. Margaret's, Newton



Lenare

Beament—Thoms

Major G. E. Beament, R.C.A., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Beament, of Ottawa, and Brenda Thoms were married at Oxford. She is the only daughter of the late H. J. M. Thoms, of Dundee, and Mrs. Thoms, of Brownberry, Iffley, Oxford



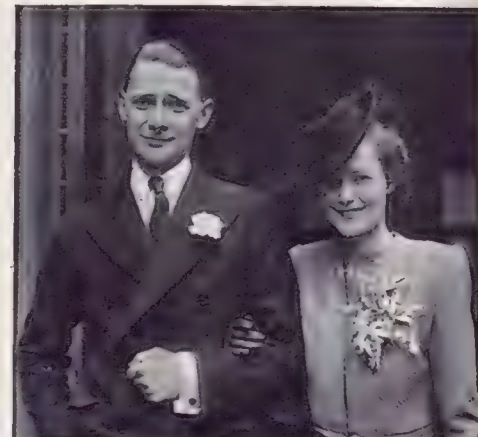
Southwell—Deck

Dr. Neville Southwell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Southwell, of 17, Greenaway Gardens, N.W.3, was married at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, to Elizabeth Deck, of 26, Mount Street, W.1, younger daughter of the late F. J. Deck, and Mrs. Deck, of Fray Bentos, Uruguay



Johnson—Kirkwood

Lieut. Francis Nelson Blois Johnson, R.N.R., son of Captain and Mrs. F. W. R. Johnson, of the Dann, Seaford, Sussex, and Muriel Geraldine Kirkwood, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. M. Kirkwood, of Cloongoonagh, Roscommon, Eire, and Mrs. Kirkwood, of 32, St. Mary Abbots Court, W.14, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Kitson—Fraser

A Scottish wedding at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, was that of St. George Fairfax Kitson, son of the late M. R. Kitson, and Mrs. Kitson, of 13, Blackett Place, Edinburgh, and Jean Margery Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Robert Fraser, of 2, Midmar Gardens, Edinburgh



Kingdon—Donnell

Sub-Lieut. (A.) Richard Donald Kingdon, R.N.V.R., only son of Sir Donald Kingdon, Chief Justice of Nigeria, and Lady Kingdon, and Leslie Eve Donnell, daughter of the late E. D. Donnell, and Mrs. Donnell, of the Old House, Bushey Heath, Herts., were married at Stanmore Church, Middlesex



MacTier—Ling

Reginald Stewart MacTier and Mary Ling, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. C. G. Ling, of Maybury House, Frimley, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Westminster. He is the son of the late Major H. C. MacTier, and Mrs. MacTier, of Raby Place, Bath



Jewitt—Scrutton

Lieut.-Com. Dermot J. B. Jewitt, R.N., only son of Captain and Mrs. Jewitt, of Nambour, Queensland, and Pamela Mary Scrutton, only daughter of the late F. F. V. Scrutton, and Mrs. Scrutton, of Woolpits, Nutfield, Surrey, and Llanacre, Withypool, Somerset, were married at Chelsea Old Church

(Concluded on page 404)



THE REST YOU DESERVE...

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE gloomy one was looking even gloomier than usual when Mr. Bright called. He declared he wasn't feeling very well.

"Have you seen your doctor?" Mr. Bright asked.

"Yes, but he says there's nothing wrong with me."

"Then," Bright pointed out, "you've got only two things to worry about—either the doctor's right or the doctor's wrong. If the doctor's right, you've got nothing to worry about. If the doctor's wrong you've got only two things to worry about—either you're going to get better or you're going to get worse. If you get better you've got nothing to worry about. If you get worse you've only got two things to worry about—either the nurse they'll send you will be one of the hard-faced, clever sort, or she'll be one of the pretty ones. If she's the hard-faced, clever sort, you've got nothing to worry about. . . . And if she's pretty, you'll be so busy trying to get better you'll have no time to worry! So why worry!"

MINISTRY poster (adapted):
"IF CAUGHT IN THE DARK with the Siren on your knee, have a good story ready to tell your wife."

THE difference between learning golf and learning to drive a car is that when you're learning golf you hit nothing, and when you're learning motoring you hit everything.

HE was trying to find his way home during the black-out. He struck a match as he wandered through the gloom. Curiously enough, he saw another bewildered wanderer also approaching with a lighted match in his hand.
"Rather murky, eh?" volunteered Jones.

Meeting with no reply, he answered himself with a crisp: "It certainly is!" and walked smack up against a plate-glass window.

"DAD, what is heredity?" asked the small boy.
"Something, my son," replied his father, "every man firmly believes in until his son begins to act like a fool."

JUDGE: "Do you know what it means when you take the Oath?"

Witness (not very intelligent): "Yes, that I must tell the truth."

Judge: "And if you do not tell the truth, what then?"

Witness: "We shall win our case."

IT was father's birthday, and the small son was buying him a present, and was giving the assistant as much trouble as a fussy old lady. After suggesting various gifts, the assistant asked: "What about a tie?"

"No, thanks," replied the boy. "He has a beard."

"Perhaps he'd like a pull-over?"

"That's no use, either. It's a long beard."

"I see," murmured the weary salesman. "Do you think a pair of spats would show?"

TWO boxing managers were discussing a forthcoming fight.

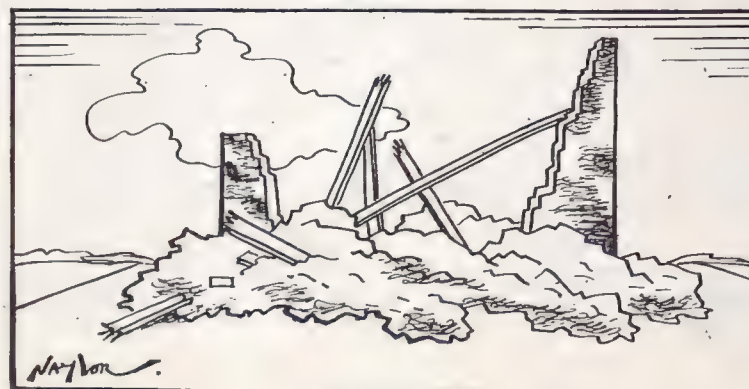
"At the end of the second round," remarked one, "your man will hit mine, and he will lie down for the count."

"No, no!" expostulated the other. "Not in the second, but in the eighth or ninth round. We must not cheat the public."

English Architecture



Perpendicular



Horizontal



Gais

"No, No, Not Beer Mugs—Ear Plugs"

IT was the first parade of the day, and the sergeant-major was feeling "edgy." "Here, you!" he snapped at one private. "Did you shave this morning?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then it was a bad one!"

"Well, I had to shave with a candle this morning."

"Hah! Well, try a razor to-morrow!"

WHEN Goering was first released from an asylum he bought a violin and played on it hour after hour. But all the time he played he didn't move his fingers very much.

Finally a friend said to him: "Excuse me, but when other people play the violin, they keep moving their fingers about. Why don't you?"

"Well," said Goering. "I suppose they keep moving their fingers about because they're looking for the right place. But I don't need to do that. I know it."

"IT was so cold where we were," said the Arctic explorer, "that the candle-light froze and we couldn't blow it out."

"That's nothing," said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

THE prodigal wrote a piteous appeal for paternal help, winding up with the confession that he was obliged to sleep in a disused cowshed.

Back came the reply from his father:

"DEAR OSWALD—Is there room for two?"

CHESRO MODEL HA 163 in 'Lova'



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Embroidered This Shetland jumper is mounted on chiffon, embroidered in front and finished with a flattering ribbed waistband

The Highway of Fashion by M. E. Brooke



Women can't go wrong in this hand-woven Harris tweed coat from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly; it is available for £3 19s. 6d. in many colour schemes. There are travel coats from 70s., some of the swagger character; others are belted



It was a happy thought of the designers of the dress of fine fancy wool from Swan and Edgar's to arrange bows to suggest pockets. The skirt is slightly flared, while the corsage is finished with a neat turn-down collar; the sleeves being short. It costs 98s. 6d.



Checked Angora and cashmere are cleverly united in this gay coatee, reinforced with a pure cashmere scarf

The trio of simple accessories portrayed comes from Burberry's, in the Haymarket. They are available in many colour schemes. A new note is struck by the knitted shoulder capes, which are decidedly higher than heretofore. In design they are not unlike those known by the name of the Florence Nightingale. "Twin" sets are well represented; the necklines are often gaily embroidered

A New "Halo" Line



From our new spring collection of inexpensive millinery on the ground floor

This is a charming felt halo with a youthful air; the petersham is in self colour or a contrasting shade. In navy, black, brown, flannel grey, light blue and moss green **59'6**

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Short sleeves . . . 29'6

CARDIGANS

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Getting Married (Continued)



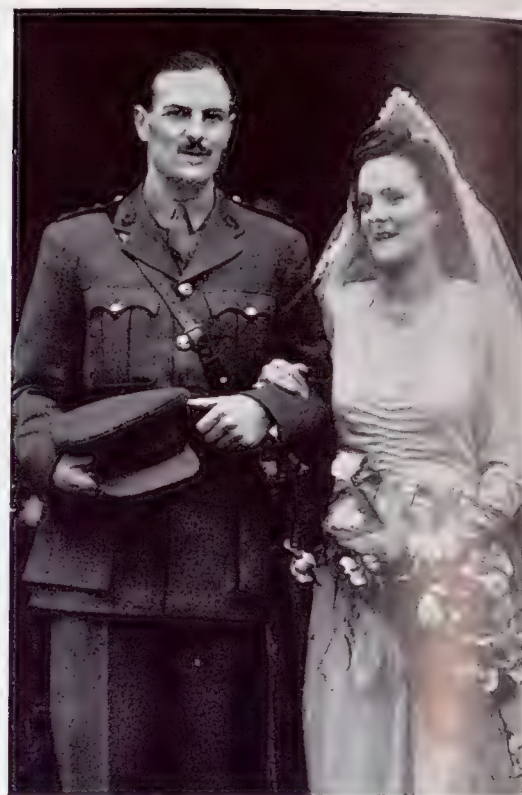
Cherrill—Healing

Wing-Com. John Cherrill, R.A.F. and Elizabeth Joan Healing, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. K. Healing, of Pilgrim Cottage, Camberley, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's, Frimley. He is the second son of Lt. J. L. Cherrill, R.N., and Mrs. Cherrill, of Rainham, Kent



Lumley—Miller

Michael Lumley, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of Captain and Mrs. Charles Miller, of 20 Grosvenor Square, W.1., and Helen Jean Dawson Miller, elder daughter of Lt.-Com. Dawson Miller, of 20 Lowndes Square, S.W.1., and Mrs. Chanter, of 48 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Oratory



Stephen—Steavenson

Capt. W. McBlain Stephen, 16th Regiment of Foot, son of Mr. and Mrs. McBlain Stephen, of Dublin, and Lilian Gordon Steavenson, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Steavenson, of Reed Court, Darlington, Co. Durham, and the Isle of Wight, were married at St. Peter's, Parkstone, Dorset



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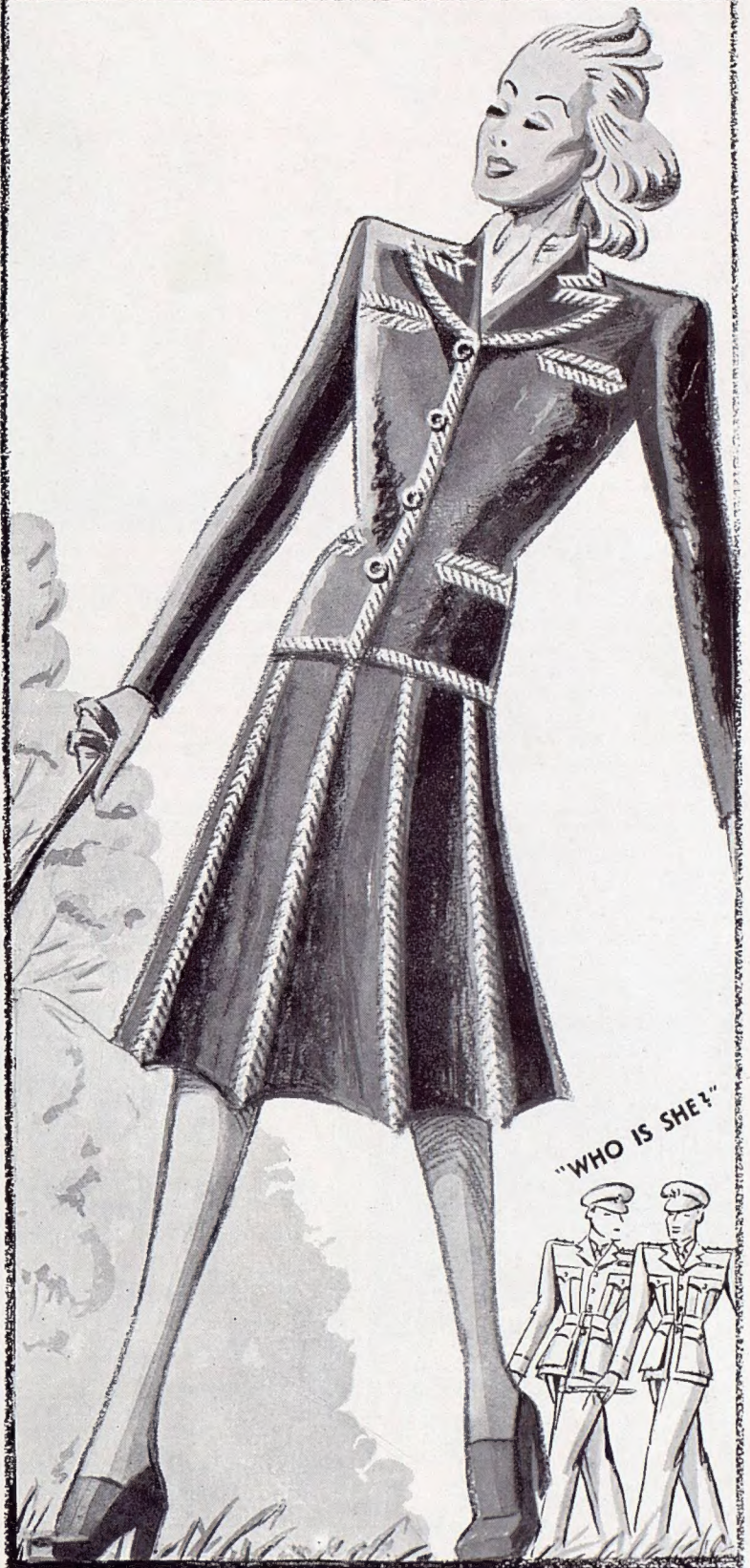
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Way of the War

(Continued from page 373)

It may well be that Mussolini had no desire to receive these particular Italians back into the mother country. When an attempt was made to colonise the newly captured Ethiopia care was taken to dispatch thither only those Italians whose continued presence at home was becoming a source of embarrassment or danger for the regime. With the same callous disregard for their fate which marked their exportation to East Africa they must now be allowed to die in circumstances which may be most unpleasant.

General Smuts Comes North

It was noted last week that General Smuts, that far-sighted Premier of South Africa, had arrived in Nairobi, Kenya, and that he was to confer with Mr. Eden and General Wavell. In earlier references to East African affairs in these notes I have stressed the importance attached by the British Government to the views of General Smuts. We may recall his discussions with Mr. Eden at Khartoum last autumn and his influence on the form of statement in which the British Government not long ago declared its decision to support the claims of Haile Selassie to the throne of Ethiopia. I have also mentioned previously that, in the post-war regime Britain will hope for the active co-operation of South Africa in direction of East African affairs.

I have dwelt almost exclusively this week on Mediterranean and African aspects of the war



A New Food Officer

J. Russell Gales, M.B.E., who has been appointed Southern Divisional Food Officer, is already well known to the distributive trades in the area for which he is now responsible. He is a director of Huntley and Palmers, and Huntley, Boorne and Stevens, where for twenty years he has directed the sales and distribution. He was also concerned with food distribution during the last war, and is a qualified solicitor

because of a deep conviction that this is the area in which an important—perhaps decisive—part of the war will be fought. If the Germans choose to drive against us there we can probably afford to welcome the fact. Our men and machines

have been trained and tested in the deserts and mountains. The Germans have done their training in specially constructed hot-houses—by no means the same thing.

No less obviously the war on the Mediterranean front may find the Allies heavily engaged in the Balkans. True, the line of communications is not easy, and attempts will certainly be made by the enemy, with bombs and magnetic mines to close the Suez Canal. But he will have his own grave difficulties also. Most military observers think that we can continue to view the outcome with confidence if not with easy equanimity.

TWO CORRECTIONS

In last week's issue our Social Correspondent wrote of "Miss Ainley, daughter of the late Henry Ainley." Mr. Henry Ainley is, of course, by no means "the late," being very much alive and well, and we apologize to him for this absurd slip of the pen.

In our issue of February 26, under a picture of the Hon. Audrey Paget, her age was stated to be twenty-one. She is, in fact, an eighteen-year-old debutante.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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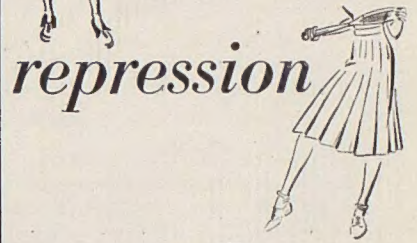
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